This Number contains an important Contribution to the present Financial Discussion by Edward Atkinson.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE DEAD-HORSE PARTY.

UNCLE SAM. "To hear them boys talk, you'd think it was their nag was doin' the work."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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A WORD TO SENATOR LODGE.

SENATOR LODGE, of Massachusetts, as is well known, feels himself especially charged with the protection of the greatness and glory of the United States as against the outside world. He was brimming with indignation at the "un-American" policy of the late Secretary GRESHAM with regard to Hawaii. He proposed in the Senate a tariff-war against Great Britain, with whatever further complications that might imply, if that country, instead of promptly yielding to our demand for international bimetallism, should insist upon maintaining its own monetary policy. He has a keen eye upon British intrigue in the Western hemisphere. He thinks we must bestir ourselves if we wish to prevent South America from passing gradually into the hands of Great Britain and other European powers. He tells us that "the supremacy of the MONROE doctrine should be established, and at once—peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." But, being a great warrior, he rather prefers force; for, as he lets us know in a magazine article recently published, he deplores it "as the only mistake we made" in 1865 that, in order to drive the French out of Mexico, we employed "the slower methods of diplomacy," however successful they were, instead of promptly marching an army across the Mexican frontier to expel the invaders by force. He would, after the four years of civil war with its horrible bloodshed, devastation, and misery in this country, have greatly preferred the assertion of the MONROE doctrine by another war to the accomplishment of the same object by peaceable means. Another holocaust of American youth, another addition of untold thousands to the number of American widows and orphans, and another increase by untold millions of our national debt, entirely unnecessary, indeed, but gayly exhibiting our fighting propensity, would have rather delighted his doughty soul. He permits us to hope that if we intrust his party with power again we shall have plenty of this sort of thing.

Senator LODGE must pardon us if we interrupt these heroic excursions by calling his attention to some things which have recently happened in his own State of Massachusetts. He professes to be an ardent civil service reformer, and we willingly admit that, although in the practical handling of patronage he has not differed much from the majority of spoilsmen, he has done very valuable service to the civil service reform cause in Congress. We assume, therefore, that he sincerely wishes that cause to triumph. It has also been a matter of pride with him that the State of Massachusetts should be a shining example in reform work. It was so for some time, and the Republican State conventions of Massachusetts have been most profuse in vaunting their own fidelity to civil service reform, and not seldom in questioning the sincerity of the professions of the opposite party. For this Senator LODGE probably took some credit to himself.

Where does Massachusetts stand now? Some years ago the Grand Army of the Republic, allied with the spoils politicians who seek to break down civil service reform, succeeded in securing to war veterans a preference over all other applicants for public office in relieving them of the exactions of the competitive rule, and subjecting them only to pass-examinations, and even that only when asked for by appointing officers. Mr. LODGE must have known, and undoubtedly admitted to himself, if not to the public, that this was a dangerous break in the reformed system, apt to bring forth grave abuses. But it was nothing compared to the law recently passed by the Massachusetts Legislature which makes the appointment of a veteran obligatory, requiring no examination at all, but only his own sworn statement that he considers himself competent to perform the duties of the position he seeks, accompanied by certificates, not sworn to, from friends that they know him to be qualified. This bill went "booming" through both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature, supported by a wellnigh unanimous Republican vote. It was too much even for Governor GREENHALGE, who is by no means a reform fanatic, and would consider it an insult to be called a mugwump. He returned the bill with his veto, condemning it as highly injurious to the public interest, and as a severe blow to the civil service system which had proved so satisfactory to the people. But the Legislature promptly passed the bill over the Governor's veto "with a whoop." It is now the law of Massachusetts. And it must not be overlooked that in the speeches preceding those votes the bill was advocated not merely with the hackneyed flourish of speech that "the debt we owe to the old soldier can never be fully paid," but with the old cry of the spoils-hunter, that civil servicere form is a fraud and ought to be broken down. It was the spoils politician, the inveterate enemy of civil service reform, using the veteran as a club.

There are some features of this business which demand Mr. LODGE's especial attention. While he was looking round for some country upon which he might induce this republic to make war in the name of the MONROE doctrine, his State of Massachusetts has forfeited the proud title she once deservedly held of the champion of public morals and of reform. It has been widely and most regretfully noticed that during the last ten years or so the moral tone of Massachusetts politics, especially Republican politics, has constantly deteriorated; that the Massachusetts Legislature, once a body of exceptional purity, intelligence, and public spirit, has become more and more an assemblage of ordinary political hacks accessible to corrupt influences; and that the Republican party of Massachusetts, the party of SUMNER and ANDREW, once looked up to throughout the country as an example and a guide on account of its high aims and the eminent respectability of its leadership, has become controlled by vulgar spoils politics and cheap demagogy—so much so that it has at last been found capable of dealing to the great reform of our days, of which but yesterday it was among the foremost champions, the foulest blow that cause has ever received.

Senator LODGE must be aware that the worst of this lamentable moral decline has taken place since he himself became the leading spirit of the Republican organization of Massachusetts. Nor is this strange. When the "scholar in politics," who in Massachusetts has always counted for something, sets to his followers the example of that ranting partisanship which blindly attributes all the virtues to one side and all the vices to the other, and when in party warfare he resorts even to the wild teachings, or rather cries, of that Jingoism which treats the outside world as the spoil of the strong, and with vulgar taunt constantly defies the powers of the earth to touch the chip we carry on our shoulders, he must not expect the party so taught to remain faithful to a reform requiring a steady moral sense and a sober consideration of the public interest. Mr. LODGE will have no reason for being surprised if some day the Massachusetts Republicans educated in the LODGE school should say to their teacher that they will have no further use for him if he insists upon being such a pharisee as to withhold the spoils of office from the boys, and to adhere to such nonsense as civil service reform. They do not seem to be very far from that state of mind even now.

DEMOCRATIC REORGANIZATION.

THE most cruel fate that could happen to the Democratic party in New York would be such a reorganization as that with which it is threatened. It is reported in a party newspaper that the CLEVELAND and the HILL elements are to "come together." The main feature of the scheme is that all who call themselves Democrats, no matter what may be their principles or their characters, or even their relations to one another in the politics of the past few years, shall unite for an effort to secure the spoils which the people have taken from the Democrats and passed over to the Republicans. Incidentally it is said that the silver issue will be dodged by "planting the New York Democracy fairly and squarely" on an international bimetallic platform.

There is no doubt, if the men who have been named as the proposed negotiators really do come together, that the conjunction will be to secure the spoils of office, and it is quite probable that the combined wisdom of the five is not above the level of the bimetallic humbug. Senator HILL has declared himself a bimetallist; so has Mr. WHITNEY. In his first statement the latter laid a good deal of stress on internationalism and on "proper" bimetallism, and since his first rather hasty commitment of himself he has undertaken to give a new impression of his opinion in an interview in which he declared for "sound money." This means possibly that both HILL and WHITNEY are opposed to the free and independent coinage of silver by the United States. A New York politician who would advocate that folly would not be worthy of serious consideration.

A thorough reorganization of the Democratic party in this State for the spoils and on any kind of a bimetallic platform is not likely to take place, and if it did, would not avail the party. In the first place, none of the suggested negotiators represent the CLEVELAND Democrats who prevented HILL'S nomination in 1892. Mr. WHITNEY does not, for he undertook to throw cold water on the Anti-Snapper movement, and went to Chicago partly for the purpose of excluding Mr. FAIRCHILD and his associates from the National Convention. Fortunately for Mr. WHITNEY, the Anti-Snappers found that there was no need for them to apply for admission, because Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination was assured without their aid. Therefore, acting upon the instructions given them by the Syracuse convention, they did not apply. Mr. WHITNEY may stand between the lines of the opposing factions, but neither he nor Mr. WEED nor Judge HERRICK would be selected by the real Anti-Snapper Democrats as a representative of the organization of which Mr. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD is the head, and from whose ranks came the votes cast at the last election for Mr. EVERETT P. WHEELER for Governor. The Democrats who are opposed to HILL so strongly that they have done all in their power to defeat him and MAYNARD and all his candidates, and to drive him, MURPHY, SHEEHAN, and CROKER out of control of their party, are not likely to place their cause or their own political fortunes in the hands of men who will compromise with HILL and MURPHY. Unless we greatly misunderstand them, and radically fail to comprehend their motives, the leaders of the State Democracy are not in politics for the offices, unless they can secure them for the purpose of carrying out their principles, and that through an honest expression of the wishes of the people. They were not in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND by reason of any personal liking for him, or because they were hero-worshippers, but because they believed in the things that he stood for, and which they wished to see incorporated into the policy of the government. So it was also that they were not opposed to HILL on personal grounds, but because he was possessed of no political principles, and depended for the success of his party on the leadership and the criminal methods of the bad men who are still in control of the Democratic party in this State.

If we are correct in our estimate of the State Democracy, they cannot compromise with HILL, and MURPHY. The belief that we are correct is sustained by the sacrifices that these Democrats have already made in behalf of the principles which they profess, and by the hostility to bad men and evil influences which they assert. For four years, and even longer, some of these men who possess an ardent desire for the honors of public life have voluntarily renounced such honors rather than accept an alliance with the HILL-MURPHY machine. The test may be a hard one for them to satisfy, but they have set up their own standard, and their fellow-citizens demand that they live up to it, under the penalty of earning the universal contempt and distrust that fall to the lot of those who have shown that they know and are capable of better things. If the leaders of the State Democracy assent to any scheme of "harmony," to any union with the Democratic leaders whose control of the party has blighted its prospects, and has substituted the vilest corruption and crimes of violence for the untrammelled votes of the people as the deciding power of elections, their action will be a base surrender to the worst men who have ever contaminated our politics. Then the small band of men of whose virtues the good citizens of all parties were proud will go out of existence, and the hope that has been centred in them will die out.

And what will be accomplished by such a union? It will leave HILL, MURPHY, SHEEHAN, and Tammany in control of the party's organization, and the Democratic party will mean to the people of New York precisely what it meant when MAYNARD was its standard-bearer in 1893, and when HILL was the head of its ticket in 1894. It will mean a body of supine people serving meanly under lead-

ership that they know is ignorant, unprincipled, infinitely base. It will not matter if men who stood up and fought for the right in 1892, 1893, and 1894 have joined the organization and have "struck hands" with their old foes. All that can follow from such a union will be the degradation of those who succumb and fall. The whole party will then mean HILL, MURPHY, SHEEHAN, and CROKER, and it will go down on election day under a majority nearly as overwhelming as that which last year kept HILL out of the Governorship. And if to the infamous leadership of the party there be added a lying pretence in the platform about bimetallism, the memory of all the sins of PLATT and his Legislature will not make any impression on the Republican vote.

CLEAN AND DIRTY STREETS.

IN this issue of the WEEKLY is a striking collection of photographs of city streets. They will, we are sure, be of interest in every considerable city in the country, for they show that clean streets are possible. These pictures are arranged in pairs. One of each two was taken when the city was under the control of Tammany, and the other, of precisely the same spot represented in the first picture, was taken this month. The contrast between the streets when trucks stood in them, and when filth was permitted to accumulate in the driveway and on the sidewalks, and now, after Colonel WARING has expelled the trucks, cleaned the driveways, and driven the ash-barrel out of its former conspicuous place in our municipal life, is most gratifying. Accompanying the pictures is a modest explanation of them by Colonel WARING.

Few people are aware of the enormous work that has been done by the present head of the Street-Cleaning Department, and many of those who are conscious of the fact that the streets of New York are cleaner than they ever were before do not realize what this means to the poor of the city. The pictures that are presented in the WEEKLY are of localities that are in the tenement-house districts on the east and west sides. They represent the filthy and disease-breeding conditions under which the poor were formerly compelled to live. They also show, by way of contrast, that honest and intelligent effort may add greatly to the comfort, and presumably to the health, of these communities of people. In truth, good government might eventually do away with the slums by cleaning them, and by enforcing the sanitary regulations which the Board of Health has ample authority to execute. Colonel WARING has had no more authority than his predecessors have had. It is true that, thus far, he has expended more money than they, but he has cleaned the streets, and they did not. Moreover, a large part of his expenditure is due to the fact that the politicians, for the purpose of ingratiating themselves with the labor unions, have fixed the wages of street-cleaners at a rate much higher than that which obtains in the market for work of the same class.

Tammany's high wages are like Tammany's charity. In the end the poor are out of pocket through the exhaustion of the wage fund, and free coal at election-time does little towards compensating for dirty and rough pavements that limit the use of the streets and breed disease. It is not many months since the city came under the power of the anti-Tammany officials, but the blessings of good government are already beginning to be felt in the improved conditions of the streets. In a short time we shall probably see other evidences of the advantages of good government through the better discipline and higher state of efficiency of the police force, that must follow the intelligent and energetic efforts of Mr. ROOSEVELT and his fellow-commissioners. But just now we wish to emphasize the character of the work that has already been accomplished by the Street-Cleaning Commissioner. The exhibit of clean streets that he is able to make affords the measure of his value to the city. This is his work. This is what he was appointed to do. That he has effected all this against opposition at Albany and in New York, against the snarling of partisan newspapers that hoped for failure, against the outcries of the enemies of good government, shows what can be accomplished by non-partisanship in municipal affairs, and by an honest determination to do the best for the city that the means at hand will permit, without fear of the "boys" or favors to the "bosses." Colonel WARING'S success ought to furnish an object-lesson to every city in the country, and there are no cities of which we have heard that do not need the teaching.

SIGNS OF HOPE.

THE convention of free-coinage men at Springfield, Illinois, turned out to be a failure, and the promise for the Memphis Silver Convention is not much brighter. The honest-money Democrats of Illinois declined to take part in the primaries for the election of delegates to the silver convention. Senator PALMER opposed it. The most highly respected Democrats of the State denounced it. And no one seemed to regard it as of much importance except the anarchist ALTGELD and HINRICHSEN, his discovery and lieutenant. Even to ALTGELD the convention was not wholly pleasing. He had been prepared for a resolution eulogizing him and his administration, and one to that effect had been prepared. But his friends were compelled to withdraw it in the face of angry protests of the delegates who shared ALTGELD'S financial views but entertained no admiration for him. And yet they gladly listened to speeches by him and the voluble BRYAN denunciatory of Mr. CLEVELAND and other foes of an easy way to pay old debts.

The convention was a sad blow to the Democrats of Illinois, for the men who attended it have now put themselves, at least temporarily, beyond the power of reason. Many of them might have been convinced that ALTGELD is no wiser on the subject of money than in the conflict between good and bad citizenship. It does not seem difficult to show the error of any conclusion that ALTGELD is capable of reaching; but the men who joined in the Springfield convention are probably obstinate enough to stand by their declaration in favor of free and independent coinage until after the Presidential election, and that must weaken the Democratic party in Illinois.

The convention, however, has really served an excellent purpose, for, after all, the country does not care very much about what may happen to the Democratic party of Illinois, or of the nation, if it is not to be on the right side of this money question. The convention has set a large number of heretofore non-committal partisans to fighting on the right side of that issue, and we all know the popular belief as to the effect of getting a uniform on a man. The callers of the convention seem to have greatly angered most of the politicians of the party. From every quarter, before the convention met, came angry protests against what was called this premature attempt to "commit the party"; and after the convention was over, and it was seen that the real leaders and the true representatives of the Illinois Democrats had had nothing to do with it, there happened something more significant still. The New York *World* polled the Democratic National Committee, and the replies received even from the committeemen of States that have been supposed to be for silver were very encouraging to the honest-money men. The National Convention that may possibly meet as a result of the Illinois convention is likely to be even a greater failure than the Springfield, or ALTGELD, convention. It is certain that no politician of character and intelligence will attend any convention called by ALTGELD'S crowd for the purpose of promoting the free-coinage movement. A few months ago most politicians were afraid to oppose this movement, but now many are afraid to favor it. This change in the sentiment of the politicians is due to a perceptible change in public opinion brought about by the campaign of education that has been carried on in every section of the country. The evidence of this change furnished by the Illinois convention ought to stimulate the friends of honest money to renewed efforts.

It is evident that the free-coinage movement can be defeated. Possibly it can be defeated in both parties. At all events, the Southern Democracts are turning their backs on the silver men, and even the West is beginning to show signs of doubt as to the regenerating potency of silver. Secretary CARLISLE'S speeches have made such an impression in Kentucky that the Democrats there are looking around for a new candidate for Governor because the man who had been selected is for free coinage. BLACKBURN'S failure to secure a re-election is almost assured. Newspapers that have advocated free silver have frankly declared their conversion, and are reprinting Mr. CARLISLE'S speeches. The amount of literature that has been issued is almost incredible. The Sound-Money Committee of the Reform Club alone has distributed more than 800,000 copies of documents. The free-coinage men have done their worst; but while it is clear that their defeat is possible, and that it may be accomplished even before the Presidential conventions are held, the signs of the time should only stimulate the energies of those who have been carrying on the campaign.

THE SHIPS AT KIEL.

THE Baltic and North Sea Canal is an admirable triumph of engineering skill and a gain to the commerce of all seafaring nations. For this alone its formal opening would deserve to be fitly celebrated, but its chief claim to the world's regard should be its value in saving human lives now lost in the stormy channels and winding fog-bound straits that it cuts off. Its service to humanity outranks its service to commerce, and it deserves the recognition of its importance that will be given it by the attendance of ships from fourteen of the earth's powers, great and small, at its festivities.

But the powers are officially represented in the water only by their navies, and the striking feature of this celebration of one of the victories of peace is that it gathers together such an armament of destruction as the world has never seen before. Such a spectacle as is presented by this display is most impressive. It presents to the eye a panorama of the existing conditions of naval strength. It suggests questions of the possible conflicts in which these floating fortresses may be opposed to each other. All the far-off complications and far-reaching problems of European diplomacy are intimately associated with the capacity of these vessels to do their work. In maintaining the balance of power in Europe a great many millions of repeating rifles must be kept ready for use, and in contributing to this result one battle-ship is the equivalent of a great many rifles.

If there is any truth in the theory that these international demonstrations of comity and friendliness in Europe are usually the preludes to a cruel war, no such sinister anticipations need be drawn from the appearance of these great warlike engines at Kiel. On the contrary, the battle-ship is the great peace-maker. The modern navy is designed for fighting, but is intended to prevent fighting. As war gets to be more lethal and costly, the nations, growing more civilized, are less inclined to go to war, and a battle between modern naval vessels is an experience not desired by any government. All the world may gather at Kiel to admire the big ships without any apprehension that the canal celebration will bring them any nearer to a test of their ultimate capabilities.

IS THE HARVARD-YALE RACE TO GO?

THE result of the trouble between Harvard and Yale has been that Harvard has arranged other games with Cornell for the coming season, which virtually excludes the idea of Harvard and Yale coming together next year in any sports except the inter-collegiate track athletic games. The probability of no boat-race at New London or elsewhere next year between Harvard and Yale causes universal regret which rises above all college feeling. This time-honored boat-race has become a national event. It is even watched in England with great interest, and altogether June will not seem like June without the annual rivalry at New London.

Furthermore, this race, which is so thoroughly an amateur sporting event of the best kind, affords to old and young in the college world their great annual outing, and it is sincerely to be regretted that either Harvard or Yale should have allowed anything to come between them which might endanger its continuance. It only makes the matter worse that the cause of this break is not a question involving the principles of athletics, but a heated discussion over the behavior of one man in a single game of another sport played at the end of last year. When one stops to look at the affair in this light it seems almost impossible that dignified college men, acting under the advice of interested and thoughtful graduates, could allow such a state of affairs to stand. It may be perfectly true that this race will not continue to be the greatest eight-oared race in America. It is very possible that other college eights will grow to be stronger and better. But that does not alter the fact that what we have come to call the "New London Race," if it does not fall a victim to an unwise quarrel, will always be one of the finest contests held annually in the United States.

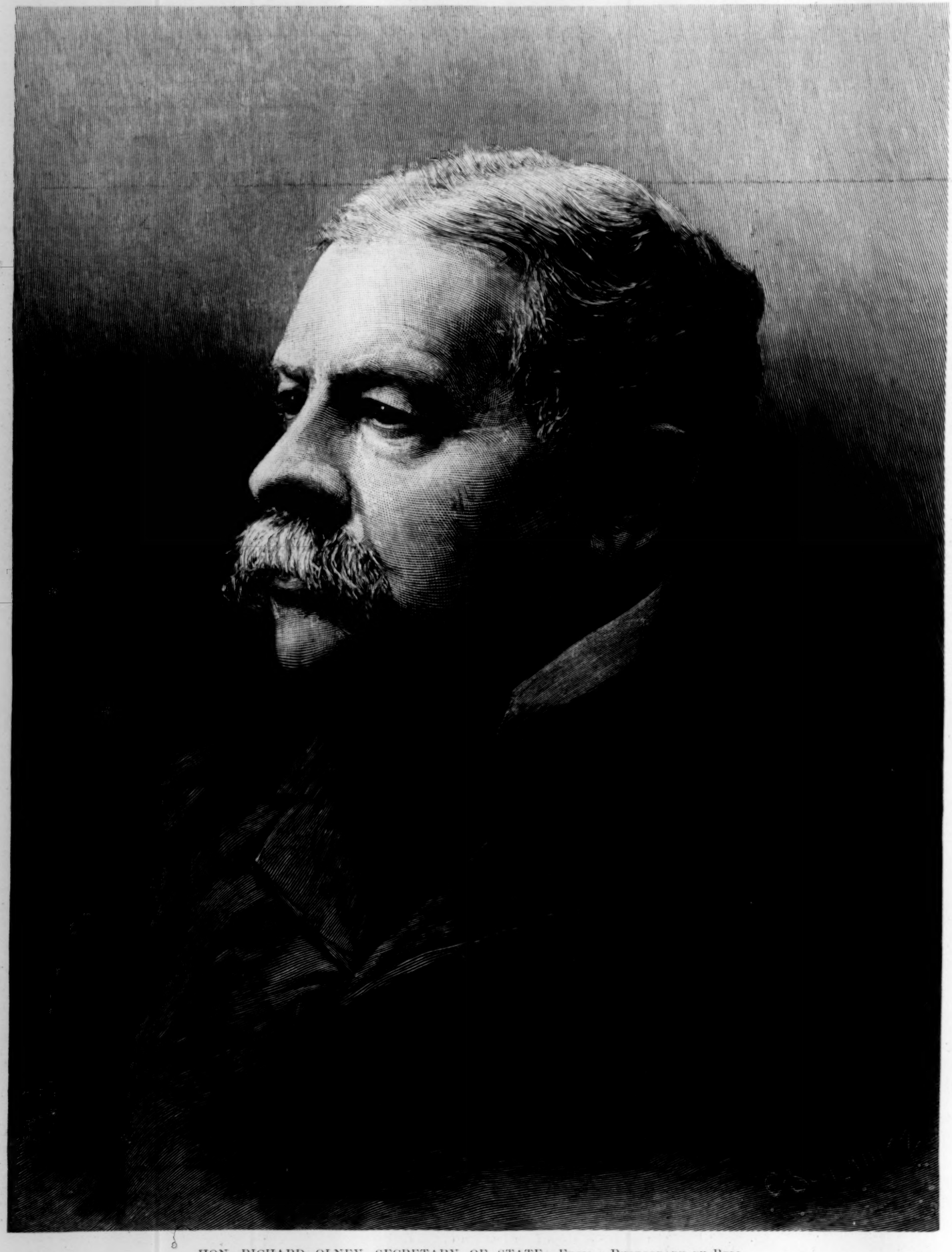
It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Harvard arrangement with Cornell does not absolutely preclude all possibility of a next year's race between Harvard and Yale, and we earnestly recommend that this discussion be stopped and the breach closed at once.

SUNDAY.

THE contemporary American's views about Sunday-keeping differ a good deal from those his grandparents held, and the courage of his convictions is growing in him. He is usually a hard-worked, often a hurried, person. He needs to get the very most possible out of Sunday. Whatever use of Sunday does him the most good, that, for him, is the best use, and seemingly the use most consonant with Christian doctrine.

The committee on Sabbath observance recently appointed by the Maine Methodist Conference brought in a report which, to be sure, the Conference would not accept, but which has stirred up comment and won approval. The committee found the Mosaic Sabbath law not binding on the Christian Church; it noted that "changing opinions have already modified greatly the observance of the Lord's day among the descendants of the Puritans, and that other modifications await us," and it held that "if the heart be right, any manner of observance would bring no condemnation," and recommended that the day be not crowded with so many services as to weary worshippers, and that "such recreation as brings real rest to the body and soul be not prohibited."

The newspapers say that one of the brethren at the Conference was so scandalized by this report as to declare that "the committee was knocking the foundations out of the Methodist Church, and it was drifting to hell." To be sure, the protection of Sunday as a day of rest and reasonable quiet is to some extent a duty of the Churches, but there is a danger in striving after too strict an observance of the day, as well as in encouraging too great a latitude. To give the day over to active hustling after sport is of very doubtful expediency, but to spend a share of it in "such recreation as brings real rest to the body and soul" is certainly not to misuse it. What is expedient for one person may not be expedient for another. What is proper in one place may be inadmissible in another. Public sentiment is to be considered, and our neighbor's peace as well as our own convenience and our own convictions. The day is imperfectly spent if it does not yield refreshment to the soul as well as recreation to mind and body. The weekly holiday should be protected, and yet it should be a day of liberty and not too straitly limited in its uses. In the end the laws which regulate the use of Sunday will reflect public opinion. It is doubtful if they do so at present. In many States the influence of the Puritan spirit is very much more in evidence in the letter of the Sunday laws than in their application. The discrepancy will disappear presently by the modification of the laws. Yet such modifications will be careful and conservative, for the value of Sunday as a peaceful and quiet day is very highly appreciated in all communities of Anglo-Saxon origin, and while Sunday laws should not be suffered to enable mischievous zealots to vex their fellows, they should be definite enough to secure to the mass of the decent people such a Sunday as they want.



HON. RICHARD OLNEY, SECRETARY OF STATE.—From a Photograph by Bell.

SECRETARY OLNEY.

To those who know and appreciate Mr. Olney, and the President's estimation of him, his appointment as Secretary of State to succeed Mr. Gresham was not a surprise. Mr. Olney has made so strong an impression on the country that it is almost impossible to remember that he has been in public life only a little more than two years. Next September he will be sixty years old, and he was graduated from Brown University in 1856, and from the Harvard Law School in 1859. For one year, 1874, he served his native State of Massachusetts as a member of the House of Representatives. That term in the Legislature, when he was nearly forty years old, was the one excursion that he made out of his purely professional toil until he went to Washington to become Attorney-General in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet in 1893. How Mr. Cleveland came to select him is not generally known. He was forced to turn to Massachusetts for his Attorney-General because Mr. John E. Russell had declined the Secretaryship of the Navy, and the President seemed determined to have a citizen of Massachusetts in his cabinet. If Mr. Russell had accepted the offer made to him, a Southern lawyer would probably have been appointed Attorney-General, and Mr. Olney would have continued to practise his profession in Boston. But he did not accept. Mr. Herbert was placed at the head of the Navy, and the President chose as his law officer his Buzzards Bay neighbor.

Mr. Cleveland has had no reason to regret his choice. Mr. Olney was a dominating influence at the bar, and he has been a dominating influence in the cabinet and in his department. When he was a private practitioner, Governors consulted him as to appointments to the State judiciary, and when he became a member of the cabinet he became a real adviser, such an adviser as the statesmen of the elder day believed a cabinet officer was intended to be. It is safe to say that since the days of Jeremiah Black Mr. Olney is the strongest character and the most marked individuality that has been at the head of the Department of Justice. The most signal service that he has been able to render the country was in connection with the Chicago riots. He advised the use of regular troops to protect the mails of the United States and to prevent interference with inter-State commerce, and he sought the aid of the courts to restrain Debs and his associates from interfering with the property and powers of the United States. His view of the law has been sustained by the Supreme Court, and Debs has been sentenced to jail for contempt of court in disobeying the injunction which was procured at Mr. Olney's instance.

The law business of the government has been very ably conducted under Mr. Olney's administration, while the Attorney-General has shown that although his life has been devoted to his profession, his mind has been broadened and strengthened by an intelligent interest in other subjects than law. He is a man of catholic sympathies, who has reached out after better things than the mere rewards of his profession, and who has kept himself in tune with the rest of mankind by not permitting the temple of his soul to become a ruin. Mr. Olney's sound mind is in a sound body, and there is no reason why his vigorous and alert intellect should not master the problems of the State Department as they have solved those of the Department of Justice. There is no important diplomatic question before the government with which he is not familiar and upon which he has not been consulted, and there is doubtless nothing in the foreign policy of the administration which he does not approve.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXV.

BEYOND THE SHADOW.

I THANK Heaven I saw little more than I have told. A score of feet trampled over me, as the murderers stumbled this way and that, and bruised me and covered me with blood that was not my own. And I heard screams of men in the death-throe, ear-piercing shrieks of women—shrieks that chilled the blood and stopped the breath—mad laughter, sounds of the pit. But to rise was to court instant death, and though I had no hope and no looking forward, my momentary passion had spent itself, and I lay quiet. At last I thought the end had come. The body that pressed on me and partly hid me was on a sudden dragged away; the light came to my eyes, and a voice cried briskly: "Here is another. He is alive."

I staggered to my feet, stupidly willing to die with some sort of dignity. The speaker was a stranger, but by his side was Buton, and beyond him stood De Géol; and there were others, all staring at me, face beyond face. Still, I could not believe that I was saved. "If you are going to do it, do it quickly," I muttered, opening my arms.

"God forbid!" said Buton, hurriedly. "Enough has been done, and too much. M. le Vicomte, lean on me. Lean on me and come this way. Mon Dieu! I was only just in time. If they had killed you—"

"This is the fifth," said De Géol.

Buton did not answer, but taking my arm, gently urged me along, and I walked between them through a lane of people, who stared at me with a sort of brutish wonder—a lane of people with faces that looked strangely white in the sunshine. I was bareheaded, and the sun dazzled and confused me; but obeying the pressure of Buton's hand, I passed through a door that seemed to open in the wall. As I did so, I dropped a kerchief, which some one had given me to bind up my shoulder, and a man standing beside the door, the last man on the right-hand side of the lane, picked it up and gave it me with kindly alacrity. He had a pike, and his hands were covered with blood, and I do not doubt that he was one of the murderers.

Two men were carrying some one into the house before us, and at the sight sense and memory returned to me with a rush. I caught Buton by the breast of his coat and shook him savagely. "Mademoiselle de St. Alais!" I cried. "What have you done to her, wretch? If you have—"

"Hush, monsieur, hush!" he answered, reproachfully, "and be yourself. She is safe, and here. She was carried in among the first. I don't think a hair of her head is injured."

"She was carried in here?" I said.

"Yes, M. le Vicomte."

I believe that at that I burst into tears, not altogether unmanly; for they were tears of thankfulness and gratitude. I had gone through much, and though the wound in my arm was a trifle, I had lost blood, and the tears may be forgiven me. Nor, indeed, was I alone in weeping that day. I learned afterwards that one of the very murderers, a man who had been foremost in the work, cried bitterly when he came to himself and saw what he had done.

They killed in Nîmes on that day and the two next about three hundred men, principally in the Capuchin convent—which Froment had used as a printing-office and made the headquarters of his propaganda—in the Cabaret Rouge, and in Froment's own house, which held out until they brought cannon to bear on it. Not more than one-half of these fell in actual conflict or hot blood; the remainder were hunted down in lanes and houses and hiding-places, and killed where they were found, or, surrendering at discretion, were led to the nearest wall and there shot.

Later, both in Paris and the provinces, this severity was commended, and held up to admiration as the truest mercy, on the ground that it stamped out the fire of revolt which I had seen kindled, and prevented it spreading to the rest of France. But, looking back, I find in it another thing. I see in it—not mercy—the first, or nearly the first, instance of that strange contempt for human life which marked the Revolution in its later stages of that extravagance of cruelty that paralyzed society and astounded the world, and by the horrible excesses into which it occasionally led men, proved to the philosophers of the human race that France in the last days of the eighteenth century could do in the daylight, at Arras and Nantes and Paris, deeds which the tyrants of old confined to the dark recesses of their torture-chambers—deeds, I blush to say it, that no other polite country has matched in this age.

But with these crimes—and be it understood I do not refer here to the work of the guillotine—I thank God I have at this time nothing to do. They have left their traces on later pages of my life, as on the life of what Frenchman have they not? But my task here barely touches them. It is enough for me to say now that of eighteen men who shared with me the horrors of the alley by the Capuchins, four only lived to tell the tale and look back on the walls of Nîmes, those four and I owing our lives in part to the timely arrival of Buton and some foreign representatives, who did not share the Cevennols' fanaticism, and in part to the late relenting of the murderers themselves.

Of these four Father Benoît and Louis St. Alais were two. It may be imagined that that was a strange meeting when we three, so wonderfully preserved, with clothes still torn and disordered, and faces splashed with blood, came together in the upstairs salon at Madame Catinot's. The shutters of the room, with the exception of one high corner shutter, were still closed; dead ashes lay white and cold in the fireplace that had blazed so cheerfully in my honor the night I supped with Madame Catinot. The room was gloomy and chill, the furniture cast long shadows, and up the stairs came the clamor of the mob, that, having seen us into the house, eddied curiously round the scene of the murder, and could not have enough of it.

A strange meeting, for we three had all loved one another, and by stress of the time been separated. Now we met as from the grave, livid, trembling, with eyes burning with the light of fever, but with all differences purged away. "My brother!" "Your brother!" and Louis's hands met mine as if the dead man who had died with the courage of his race joined them, while Father Benoît wrung his hands in uncontrollable grief and walked the room, crying: "Oh, my poor children! Oh, my poor children! God have mercy on this land!"

A low sound as of women's voices, and weeping, and feet hurrying softly to and fro came from the next room, and that it was, I think, that presently calmed us, so that, except for an occasional burst of grief on Louis's part, we could talk quietly. I learned that Madame St. Alais lay there, injured in the mêlée, either by her fall or a blow from a foot, and that Denise and Madame Catinot and a surgeon were with her. We talked in whispers—the very room in its gloom was funereal—and then sank into silence; or again one or other would rise with a shudder of horrid remembrance, and walk the room with heaving breast. Presently, the sound of firing coming to our ears, we forgot ourselves for a while, and talked of Froment, and what chance of escape he had, and listened and heard the mob raving as it surged by, and talked again. But always as men who were no longer concerned—as men whom death had released from the common obligations.

Presently they came and called Louis, who went to his mother; and then, after another interval, Father Benoît was summoned, and I walked the room alone. Silence after so great commotions, solitude when an hour before I had dealt death and faced it in that *inferno*, safety after danger so imminent, all moved me; when in addition I thought of St. Alais's death, and recalled the brilliant promise, the daring, the force of the haughty spirit now quenched and lifeless, I felt the tears rise again. I paced the room in uncontrollable emotion; I was thankful for the gloom that allowed me to give it free vent. Old times, old scenes, rose up. I remembered that we had played together; I forgot that we had gone different ways.

After a long time, when evening had nearly come, Louis came in. "Will you come?" he said, abruptly.

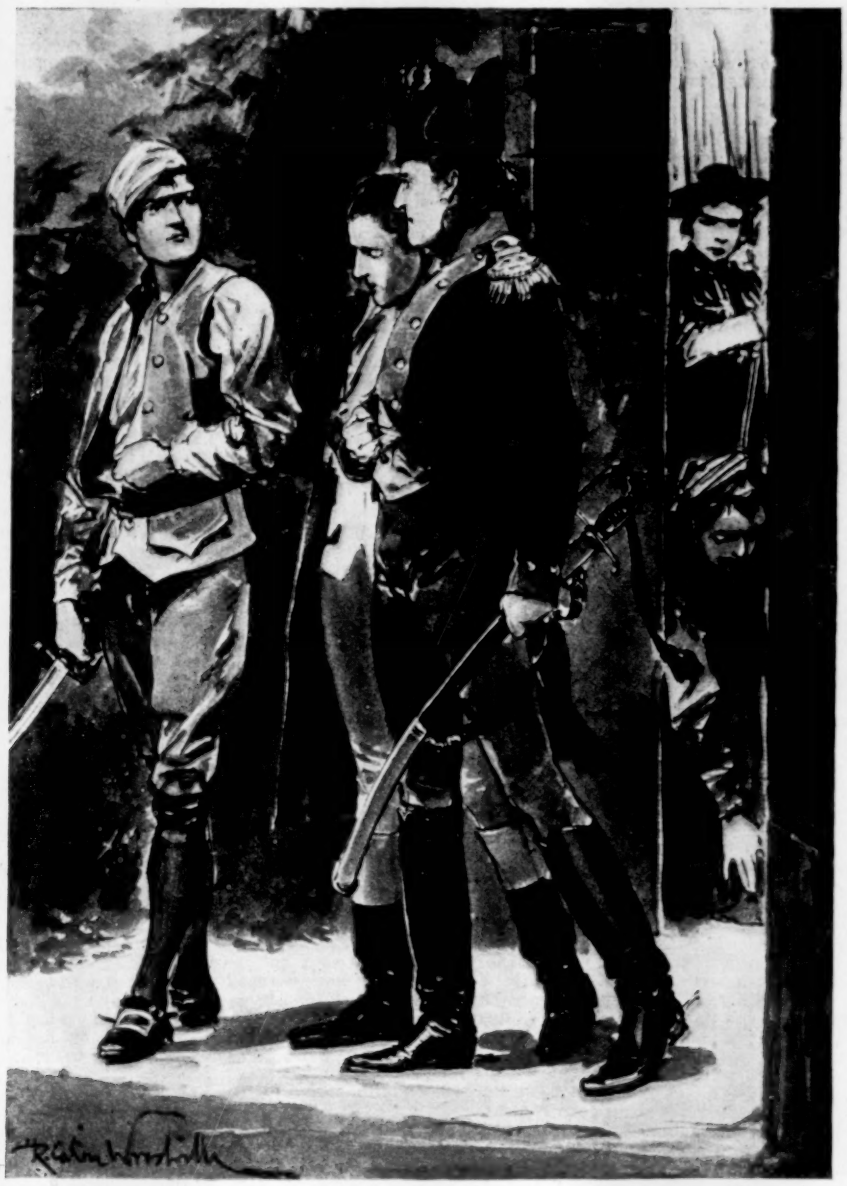
"To Madame St. Alais?"

"Yes; she wants to see you," he replied, holding the door open, and speaking in the dull even tone of one who knows.

After such a scene as we had passed through comes reaction, and I went with him mechanically, thinking rather of the past than the present. But I was no sooner over the threshold of the next room, which, unlike that I had left, was brilliantly lit by candles set in sconces, the shutters being closed, than I came to myself with a shock. Propped up with pillows, on a bed opposite the door, so that I met her eyes and had a full view of her face as I entered, lay Madame St. Alais, and I stood. Her face was white, with a red spot burning in each cheek; her eyes matched the color in brilliance; but it was not this light of fever that brought me up suddenly, nor—though I noticed it with foreboding—the way in which she plucked at the coverlid when she spoke, but something in her expression, something so unfitting the occasion, so bizarre and light, that I stood appalled.

She saw my hesitation, and in a gay tone that in a moment told the story, a tone more dreadful under the circumstances than the most pathetic outburst, she reproached me with it. "Welcome, M. le Vicomte," she said. "Yet I am glad to see that you have some modesty. But

"'I SAY I WILL HAVE NO MORE,' HE ANSWERED, FIERCELY."



"BETWEEN THEM I PASSED THROUGH A DOOR THAT SEEMED TO OPEN IN THE WALL."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

we will not be hard on you. A late repentance is better than none, and—where is my fan, Denise?"

Denise rose, with a choking sound, from her chair by the bed; we had all, I think, nerves worn to the last thread. But Madame Catinot saved the situation. Hastily reaching a fan from a side table, she laid her hand on the younger woman's shoulder as she passed, and gently pressed her back into her seat.

"Thank you, my dear," Madame St. Alais said, playing an instant with the fan, and smiling from side to side, as I had seen her do a hundred times. "And now, M. le Vicomte," she continued, with ghastly archness, "I think that you will have the grace to say that I was a true prophet."

I muttered something—Heaven knows what; the scene with madame's smiling face and the other's bowed shoulders and averted eyes was dreadful.

"I never doubted that you would have to join us," she went on, with complacency. "And if I were cruel, I should have much to say. But as you have returned to your allegiance, before it was too late, we will let bygones be bygones. His Majesty is so good that—but where are the others? We cannot proceed without them?"

She looked round, with a touch of her native peremptoriness. "Where is M. de Gontaut?" she said. "Louis, has not M. de Gontaut arrived? He promised to be here to witness the contract."

Louis, from his place by one of the closed windows, where he stood with Father Benoît and the surgeon, answered in a strained voice that he had not yet arrived.

Madame seemed to find something unnatural in his tone and the attitude of the others, for she looked uneasily from one to the other of us. "There is nothing the matter, is there?" she said. "Nothing has happened?"

"No, no, madame," Louis answered. "Doubtless he will be here by-and-by."

But a shadow of anxiety still clouded her face. "And Victor?" she said. "He has not come? Louis! there is nothing the matter?"

"Madame, madame, you will see him presently," he answered, with a half-stifled sob; and he turned away with a gesture of horror.

This was enough to arouse a sane person's suspicions, but as he spoke madame's eyes fell on me, and the piteous anxiety which had for the moment darkened her face passed away as quickly as the shadow of a cloud passes on an April morning. She took up her fan again, and looked at me gayly. "Do you know," she said, "I had the strangest dream last night—or was it when I was ill, Denise? Never mind. But I dreamed all sorts of horrors—that our house here was burned, and the house at Cahors; and that we had to fly and take refuge at Montauban, and then at Nîmes. And that M. de Gontaut was murdered, and all the canaille were up in arms! As if—as if," she continued, with a little laugh, "the King would permit such things, or they were possible. And there was something—something still more absurd about the church," she went on, knitting her brows, and then with a touch of the fan dismissing the subject; "but I forget. And just when it was most horrible I awoke. It was all absurd. So absurd you would all be ill with laughing if I could remember it."

She paused. The fan dropped from her hand, and she looked round uneasily. "I think—I think I am not quite well yet," she said, in a different tone; and a spasm crossed her face—it was plain that she was in pain. "Louis! Louis!" she repeated, petulantly; "where is the notary? He might read the contract. Doubtless Victor and M. de Gontaut will be here before long. Where is he?" she continued, sharply.

It is easy to say that we might have played our parts, but the pity and the horror of it, falling on hearts already tortured by the scenes of the day, unmanned us. Denise hid her face, and trembled so that the chair on which she sat shook. Louis turned away shuddering. I stood near the foot of the bed, frozen into silence. This time it was the surgeon, a young man of dark complexion, who put himself forward.

"The papers are in the next room, madame," he said.

"But you are not M. Petifer?" she answered.

"No, madame; he was so unwell as to be unable to leave the house."

"He had no right to be unwell," madame retorted, severely, "and Mademoiselle St. Alais's contract to be signed! But you have the papers?"

"In the next room, madame."

"Fetch them! Fetch them!" she answered, her eyes wandering uneasily from one to another, and she moved in the bed and sighed as if in pain. Then, "Where is Victor? Why does he not come?" she asked, impatiently.

"I think I hear him," Louis said, suddenly. It was the first time he had spoken of his own free will, and I caught a new sound in his voice. "I will see," he went on; and moving to the door, he gave me a sign as he passed to follow him.

I muttered something, and did so. In the room in which I had waited, the half-shuttered room of gloom and shadows, we found the surgeon groping hastily about. "Some paper, monsieur," he said, looking up as we entered. "Almost anything should do."

"Stay!" said Louis, his voice harsh with pain. "We have had too much of this—this mockery. I will have no more."

"Monsieur?"

"I say I will have no more," Louis answered, fiercely. "Tell her! Tell her the truth."

"She would not believe it."

"At any rate, anything is better than this."

"Do you mean it, monsieur?" the surgeon exclaimed.

"I do."

"Then I will have no part in it," the man answered, gravely. "I acquit myself of all responsibility. Nor shall you do this, monsieur, until you have heard what the inevitable result will be."

"My mother cannot recover," Louis said, stubbornly.

"No, monsieur; nor will she live, in my opinion, more than a few hours. When the fever that now supports her begins to wane, she will collapse. It depends on you whether she closes her eyes knowing none of the evil that has happened, or her son's death, or—"

"It is horrible!" Louis said, with a shudder.

"It is for you to choose," the surgeon answered, inexorably.

Louis looked round. "There is paper there!" he said, suddenly.

I suppose that we had been absent from the room no more than a couple of minutes, but when we returned we found Madame St. Alais calling impatiently for us and for Victor. "Where is he? Where is he?" she repeated, querulously. "Why is he late to-day, of all days? There is no—no quarrel between you?" And she looked jealously at me.

"None, madame," I said, with tears in my voice. "That I swear."

"Then why is he not here? And M. de Gontaut?" she asked. Her eyes were still bright; the red spot burned still in her cheeks; but her features had a pinched look, and her fingers were never still. Her voice had grown harsh and unnatural, and from time to time she looked round with a piteous expression, as if something puzzled her. "I am not well to-day," she muttered, with a painful effort to be herself. "And I forget to be as gay as I should be. Mademoiselle, go to M. le Vicomte, and say something pretty to amuse us while we wait. And you, M. le Vicomte! In my young days it was usual for the *fiancé* to salute his mistress on these occasions. Fie on you! I am afraid you are a laggard in love."

Denise rose, and, obedient, came slowly to me before them all but no word passed her pale lips; she did not raise her eyes to mine. She remained passive when, in accordance with madame's permission, I stooped and kissed her cold cheek; it grew no warmer; her eyes did not kindle. Yet I was satisfied—more than satisfied; for as I leant over her I felt her little hands—little hands I longed to take in mine and shelter and protect—I felt them clutch and hold the front of my coat, as the child clings to its mother's neck. I passed my arm round her before them all, and so we stood at the foot of madame's bed.

She laughed gayly. "Poor little mouse!" she said. "She is shy yet. Be good to her, mon cher; she is a tender— I don't feel well! I don't feel well!" madame repeated, abruptly breaking off, and raising one hand with difficulty to her head. "I don't— What is it?" she continued, the color suddenly flying from her face and leaving it white and drawn, while fear leapt into her staring eyes. "What is it? Fetch—fetch the doctor! And Victor."

Denise slipped from my arm and flew to her side. I stood a moment, then the surgeon touched my arm. "Go!" he said. "Go. Leave her to the women. It will be quickly over."

And so Madame St. Alais gave mademoiselle to me at last; and the compact for our marriage, into which she had entered so long before with my dead father, was fulfilled.

Madame died next morning, being taken not only from the evil to come, but from that which was then present, and roared and eddied through the streets of Nîmes round the unburied body of her son; for she died without awaking from the delirium which followed her hurt. I went in to see her, lying dead and little changed; and in the quiet decorum of the lighted chamber I thought reverently of the change which one year—one brief year had made, coming at the end of fifty years of prosperity. It seemed pitiful to me then, as I stooped and kissed the waxen hand; now, knowing what the future had in store, remembering the twenty years of exile and poverty and tedium and hope long deferred, that were to be the lot of so many of her friends, of so many of those who had graced her salons at St. Alais and Cahors, I think her happy. Possessed of energy as well as pride, a rare combination in our order, she and hers dared greatly, and greatly lost; staked all, and lost all. Yet better that, I think, than the prison and the guillotine; or growing old and decrepit in a strange land, to return to a *patrie* that had long forgotten them; that stood in the roads and jeered at the old berlins and petticoats and head-gear that were the fashion in the days of the Polignacs.

I have said that the riots in Nîmes lasted three days. On the last Buton came to me and told us we must go; that to avoid worse things we must leave the city without delay, or that he and the more moderate party who had saved us would no longer be responsible. On this Louis, for his part, was for retiring to Montpellier, and thence to Turin; and for a few hours I was of the same mind, desiring most of all to place the women in safety.

I owe it to Buton that I did not take a step which I am sure that I should have repented later. He asked me bluntly whither I was going, and when I told him, set his back against the door. "God forbid!" he said. "Who go, go. Few will return."

I answered him with heat. "Nonsense!" I cried. "I tell you, within a year you will be on your knees to us to come back."

"Why?" he said.

"You cannot keep order without us."

"With ease," he answered, coolly.

"Look at the state of things here."

"It will pass."

"Who will govern?"

"The fittest," he answered, doggedly. "Do you still think, M. le Vicomte, that a man to make laws must have a title—saving your presence? Do you think that the wheat will not grow nor the hens lay eggs unless the seigneur's shadow falls on them? Do you think that to fight a man must have powder on his head as well as in his musket?"

"I think that when a man who does not know the sea turns pilot it is time to leave the vessel," I retorted.

"The pilot will learn," he answered. "And for quitting the vessel, let those go who have no business on board. Be guided, monseigneur," he continued, in a different tone. "They have killed in Nîmes three hundred in three days."

"And you say stay?"

"Ay, for there is blood between us," he answered, grimly. "That has been done now which will not easily be forgiven; that has been done which will abide. Go abroad after this—and stay abroad. Or rather, do not, but be guided," he continued, with rough emotion in his voice. "Go home to the château and be quiet, monsieur, and no one will harm you."

I thought the advice so good that I not only determined to follow it, but I gave it to the others. But Louis would not change his mind. A horror of the country had seized him, and he would go. He raised no opposition, however, when I asked him to give me Denise; and within twenty-four hours of her mother's death she became my wife, in that dark shuttered house by the Capuchins' alley, Father Benoît performing the service. Louis was at the same time married to Madame Catinot. Needless to say, there were no rejoicings at these weddings; no fête and no joy-bells and no bride-clothes, but sobs and wailing, and cold lips and passive hands. But a bright day has sometimes a weeping dawn; and though for three years or more our life knew perils enough and some sorrows—the story of which I may one day tell—and we shared the lot of all Frenchmen in those times of shame and stress, I had never—no, not for a day or an hour—cause to repent the deed done so hurriedly at Nîmes. Clinging hands and warm lips, eyes that shone as brightly in a prison as a palace, cheered me when things were worst; and when better days came, and with them gray hairs and a new France, my wife found means still to grace and ever more and more to share my life.

One word of the man to whom under God I owed it that I won her. On the third day of the riots cannon were brought to bear on Froment's tower; it was stormed, and the garrison were put to the sword, one man only, I believe, escaping with his life. That man was Froment, the indomitable, the fearless, the most capable leader that the royalists of France ever boasted. He got safely to the frontier, and thence to Turin, where he was received with honor by those whose aid might a little earlier have saved all. Who fails must expect buffets, however; the cold shoulder was presently turned to him; he was slighted, and as years went on his complaints grew louder. Once I sought to find and assist him, but he was then engaged in some enterprise on the African coast; and my circumstances were such that I could have done little had I found him. Soon afterwards, I believe, he died, though certain information never reached me. But, dead or alive, I owe him gratitude, respect, and other things, among which I count one the greatest happiness of my life.

THE END.

THE week before last I had something to say of the use of dialect in imaginative literature, which I fancied did not quite exhaust the subject. I recur to it with an interest which I hope the reader will share, and which I hope will support him through what else I have to say of it.

I.

One reason why the general reader is impatient of "dialect," I suppose, is that he rarely notices peculiarities in the speech of people about him, and so fancies dialect an invention of the author's to harass and perplex him. If there is something very marked, he will vaguely feel it, but the more delicate differences, which interest the observer, are quite lost upon him. He would not perceive that most people speak ungrammatically, and that the talk of those who speak grammatically is almost incredibly loose and slovenly. Talk, indeed, has not yet been faithfully reported in literature by those who ought to be its carefulest students, the novelists and dramatists. Stage talk has been and largely is ludicrously unlike life talk, though now the theatre is beginning to take some account of the way people really express themselves. But in novels, and very good novels, written by artists who ought to have had a conscience against it, cultivated persons are represented as saying, Will you not, Am I not, Is he not, though nobody but a half-bred prig ever dreams of using those artificial forms in actual parlance. It is all of a piece with the convention which still obliges us to write the language without any of the contractions we always use in speaking. We write, Did not, Cannot, Would not, Is not, Will not, when we are telling something to be read, but we say Didn't, Can't, Wouldn't, Isn't, and Won't, when we are telling something to be heard; and the contractions are infinitely more graceful and vigorous than the conventional forms. In fact, anything else in talking would be absurd; and from time to time there is an effort to liberate the language of literature from the constraint that the language of life threw off so long ago that no man's memory runs back to the time of its bondage. The lighter literature of the eighteenth century abounds in these endeavors, and even some of the graver: even the verse of Pope and Young. But they were confined to a word or two; the plunge was never bold enough; and in our own time we are not even so far on the way to a free use of the spoken forms. Emerson, to be sure, said 'Tis, in very colloquial moments, but that was perhaps because people seldom say 'Tis any more, and the form had an archaic charm. Now and then Mr. Henry James imparts a thrill of hope by writing a contraction in his narrative, and you think that the good time is coming under the lead of an unquestionable master of English; but presently you find him conforming, like the rest, as if the attempt to break away from tradition were useless.

In reporting dialogue, however, most writers avail themselves of vernacular usage to give an air of reality to their scene, and write the contractions which we all speak, unless, indeed, they are writing romance, when they instinctively feel that the formality of the accepted book-language is more in keeping with the wholly artificial frame. Hawthorne even had his people, or some of them, say Methinks, and they would almost as probably have said Methinks in life, as they would have said I will not, and Have you not, and He did not, and all the rest of it. But I believe we shall not always write the language in the present preposterous fashion, any more than we shall spell it as we now do; and that when we begin to write it as we speak it, we shall all be astonished and overjoyed, we who read as well as we who write, at its grace and ease.

In the meanwhile, I think that I can recognize in the use of dialect a tendency to the final freedom I hope for. The writer who has once used it, and felt his way through it to the life that language has on the lips of men, will never willingly abandon it; and I should not be altogether surprised if in the end he persuaded the general reader to bear with it. I can imagine the pleasure such a writer

must feel in telling a whole story in dialect, in the person of some supposed narrator; but I do not think this pleasure can be greater, and I can see no reason why it should be greater, than that we should all have if we wrote the language naturally, or as we speak it.

II.

The use of dialect in modern literature is very modern, I think, and does not much antedate the present century. To be sure, Shakespeare makes his clowns talk like clowns, but their parlance is suggested, rather than represented, and after all there is very little of it. As in the talk of Thomas Hardy's country folks, the personal rather than the provincial character of the speaker is suggested; and this is no doubt the ideal treatment of the vernacular in literature. But if the writer feels that there is something of life which cannot be so imparted to the reader, he does well to represent the speaker's parlance more fully. Perhaps it was the cultivation of the Scottish dialect in poetry by Burns, and in prose by Scott, that gave the impulse toward writing dialect which has at last made the general reader tired. But this would not account for it in other languages and other lands, though there is no telling how quickly and intimately the different literatures influence one another.

The writer who seems to me above all others the master of the colloquial style in dialogue is Carlo Goldoni, who not only wrote entire comedies in dialect, but in his Italian comedies made his Venetians speak Venetian, with subtle distinctions between the accents of the city and of such a near-lying dependence as Chioggia. In Switzerland, the first great realist, Jeremias Gotthelf, as Pastor Bitzius called himself, wrote his novels of peasant life in the peasant dialect of the Canton of Berne; but as I know them only in the French translations, which, of course, do not reproduce the dialect, I am unable to judge of his fidelity in the work, though I have not the least doubt of it. In English fiction I have no very vivid impressions of dialect between Scott and Dickens, yet I know that Miss Edgeworth's Irish tales are full of it. Miss Austen, as far as I remember, eschews it altogether; and we must not, I suppose, call Fanny Burney's report of class vulgarisms dialect. No more can we class with dialect study the careful writing of thieves' slang which occupied the novelists of a much later day, and seems to have received even serious attention from Bulwer in his more youthful romances. When we come down to our own time, there is both the effect and the fact of dialect in George Eliot; but in Trollope there is not even the effect of it. There is a good deal of it in Charles Reade, but I should be afraid that he got it up for the occasion rather than knew it from the lips of men; I have no proof of this, though. Mr. William Black suggests the Highland speech delightfully, but self denyingly. Long before these writers the tribe of Irish novelists, represented by Lover and Lever, abounded in dialect, or at least brogue, and perhaps the Irish accent has been more heard in fiction than the negro, even; both are easy to do.

The vernacular of Dickens's people never seems to me quite trustworthy; he had not a good ear, and he had no scruple in perverting or inventing forms, if it suited his purpose. I fancy that his best and truest dialect writing is to be found in Hard Times, though he indulged in it everywhere in his novels. Thackeray's burlesque of the speech of serving-men was always pure caricature; and Hardy appears to be the English novelist who reports the parlance of the common people with most liking and conscience. Wherever you come upon it in his books it is delightful; though, as I said, it is an imitation of their fashion of speech rather than a reproduction of it.

This is apparently the case with Giovanni Verga in his sketches of Sicilian life, and in his beautiful story of The House by the Medlar Tree. I do not think that the modern Italian writers have studied the provincial parlances at all in the degree that Goldoni did, and I know of very little Italian work in dialect among their later novelists. I am not saying there is none, but merely that I am ignorant.

In the Spanish novelists, whom I know a little better, I find a disposition towards it chiefly in Valdés, who amuses himself with the accents rather than the locutions of his Gallicians, and Andalusians, and Cubans, spelling them with great care, and imparting a sense both of personal and local character by means of them. If we come to the Germans, we have a whole dialect fiction created by Fritz Reuter in his Platt-Deutsch stories; but in French I cannot say how much has been done. In his earlier books Zola gave us very abundantly of Parisian slang, but I suppose this was hardly writing dialect; and in his later books I do not remember any attempt to characterize his people by their peculiar speech. I have no sense of anything of the kind in Daudet, beyond a proverb or a phrase or two in Provençal, but I have not read Daudet so much in French, and I ought not to speak of him.

I have read only in English the great Russian writers, and I cannot even guess how much they have employed dialect. One can hardly imagine Tolstoy getting on without it, in books otherwise so faithful to the simple life they deal with. I read Norwegian no more than I read Russian, but my friend Professor Boyesen tells me that the Norwegian novelists and dramatists employ dialect a great deal, and that they employ it of set purpose, with the wish not only to portray the speech of the common people, but to give the strenuous and picturesque vocables and phrases of dialect permanent place in the written language. Ibsen, he says, studies the language of his characters so minutely that he suffers them to speak only and always as a man of this or that sort would speak, in the kind of personal vocabulary which we each have more or less to himself.

III.

I do not know why I am saying all this, unless to teach the general reader here that he is not the only general reader who has been obliged to bear with popular authors in the use of dialect. I should like to persuade him that our writers have not used it out of caprice, or merely to worry him, but have genuinely felt the need of it in their endeavors to portray a life new in so many of its phases to literature. Where this has been unconscious, it has been perhaps all the more genuine, for it has been part of the world-movement in fiction towards greater naturalness and lifelikeness. Without what has been done in this sort among us, I am sure we should not have the right we now undoubtedly have to a standing with the foremost of the peoples whose authors wished them to appear in literature exactly as they appear in life. I am always saying that it is not to any author singly, or even very largely, that we are to look for the proof of this, but to the whole body of our authorship. We are an intensely decentralized people in our letters as well as in our politics, and the justification of dialect is to be found not in this quarter or that, but everywhere that our authors have honestly studied the local life. Lowell in Massachusetts and Riley in Indiana have been equally artistic in its employment, and there is no section or region without some writer emulous to report its life in the terms of its peculiar parlance, when they cannot be expressed without loss in the language common to all.

The general reader, however, has got tired of dialect, and the most conscientious artist must have moments when he would like to be friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. It will be well for him, perhaps, to consider how little dialect he can get on with, and how much can be done by suggestion, without actual representation. A great deal can be done, undoubtedly; but when it comes to sacrificing a precious artistic effect, I should say that decidedly there could be no more question of the general reader's prejudices or sensibilities. In such a case, dialect must be used, and used unsparingly, and the author must trust to the recuperative forces of the general reader for a later or final appreciation. Possibly, some æsthetic anæsthetic might be discovered which would palliate the worst immediate effects of the dialect, and carry the general reader through the chapters where it prevailed in a state of unconsciousness.

W. D. Howells.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The college youth of the period who goes to his Commencement ball in a Tuxedo jacket, or arrays himself for Class day in whatever hot-weather clothes the contemporary modes permit, may be interested to know how seriously his forerunner in the early part of the century took the matter of costume. This is what a graduate of the University of North Carolina wore to the Commencement ball in the year 1818: "My coat was of broadcloth of sea-green color, high velvet collar to match, swallow-tail, pockets outside with lapels, and large silver-plated buttons; white satin damask vest, showing the edge of a blue under-vest; a wide opening for bosom ruffles, and no shirt collar. The neck was dressed with a layer of four or five three-cornered cravats, artistically laid, and surmounted with a cambric stock, pleated and buckled behind. My pantaloons were white Canton crape, lined with pink muslin, and showing a peach-blossom tint; stockings were flesh-colored silk; low-cut pumps with shiny buckles. My hair was very black, very long, and queued. I should be taken for a lunatic or a harlequin in such a costume now."

Perhaps he would, for fashions change in eighty years. Still, a young man dressed in the garb of our great grandfathers must have been an imposing sight. Clothes did more for men in those days than they do now; and for a diffident youth just beginning to make his polite advances to the young ladies it must have been a source of confidence and reassurance to have so much outside of his mere personal self to submit to the approval of society.

The "honor system" of conducting college examinations without other precaution against cheating than an agreement of the students not to cheat is generally known in the North as the Princeton system. It has been in successful operation at Princeton (as described in the Weekly of June 1st) for a number of years, and its entire success there has advertised it as a system of great merit. But it is not a new thing in this country, nor did it originate at Princeton. The Weekly is informed that it has been in use at the University of Virginia ever since that university was founded by Thomas Jefferson, and has succeeded perfectly there. In the rare cases where cheating has been practised in spite of it the dishonest student was warned by his fellows to leave college, and has done so. It has also been in use for ten years or more at the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, and possibly in other Southern colleges.

The present status of General Marti, the Cuban patriot, is very puzzling and peculiar. The Spanish authorities maintain that he is legally, literally, and permanently dead, and they have given a body declared to have been his an honorable and distinguished Christian burial. The insurgents declare, or rather hint—for they say it is more politic to let the Spanish story run its course—that Marti is still alive and very active, and is taking advantage of the friendly obscurity resulting from the interment of his remains to prosecute new revolutionary enterprises, and convey himself to difficult places where his presence seems to be needed. Meanwhile there is almost as much interest in the issue of the dispute about Marti as there is in the issue of the rebellion itself. If the eminent patriot can remain dead enough to suit the Spaniards, and at the same time continue alive enough to satisfy the revolutionists, he will show himself to be a person of even more remarkable parts than has been supposed.

There was a good deal of pith to Mrs. Stanton's remark in reply to Bishop Doane that "women are riding to suffrage on the bicycle." They may not be riding to suffrage, but they are riding everywhere and everywhither they want to go. Certainly and conspicuously they are riding into any sort of costume it suits them to put on. Bloomers are getting so common that it seems possible that the untutored eye will presently dwell upon them without a shock. The more circumspect American ladies still keep out of them, and may never come to prefer them to skirts, but the young and giddy experiment with them pretty freely. Was there ever anything so efficacious to give woman an idea of what she could do if she tried as the bicycle? Soberly speaking, if she had to choose between the ballot and the bicycle as a means of development and advancement, she might better cleave to the bike. It is worth more to her than the ballot. It is more fun, more use, less trouble, and very much less costly. There was pith in what Mrs. Stanton said, but is there not some substance in the suggestion that the bicycle has brought women so many new opportunities and privileges that she never needed or wanted the suffrage so little as now.

If diplomacy were a career in the United States it would seem as if some of its prizes might be pretty sure to fall to Mr. Stephen Bonsal, who has just been appointed to a secretaryship of the United States legation at Tokyo, under Minister Edwin Dun. Mr. Bonsal is not yet thirty years old, but he knows a great deal about many things, and especially about foreign ports and foreign affairs. For several years he was travelling correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and divided his time between Paris, Constantinople, Buda-Pesth, Rome, London, and other and remoter places. Besides what he wrote for the *Herald* he has written freely for the magazines, and a book of his, *Morocco As It Is* (published by the Harpers), is an authority on that country. For the last two years he has been secretary of legation at Madrid. He talks freely and instructively in six languages, and will presently, no doubt, have much to say about Japan that it will be worth while to hear, or perhaps to read.

President Winston, of the University of North Carolina, regrets that in speaking of the educational equipment which the University of North Carolina maintained out of its slender income, he omitted to include mention of the Biological Laboratory, in charge of Dr. H. V. Wilson, formerly in charge of the United States Biological School at Woods Holl, Massachusetts. Dr. Wilson is a biologist of distinction, and his laboratory is large and well equipped.

E. S. Martin.

SOME CHANGES IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JUN., COMMISSIONER OF STREET-CLEANING.

The eight pairs of cuts published herewith, showing the condition of certain streets, are reproduced from photographs of March, 1893, and of the end of May, 1895. Each pair shows the same spot. The photographs of 1893 were taken in connection with the movement for the removal of Thomas S. Brennan from the position of Commissioner of Street-Cleaning. They illustrate the condition of the streets as further set forth in the accompanying affidavits, which testify to the inefficiency of the department at that time. These affidavits are very voluminous, and they relate to some hundreds of different points.

The photographs were taken at a time when the heaps of snow and ice had not entirely melted away, and due allowance is to be made for this fact.

The following are some of the descriptions set forth in the affidavits:

"Opposite 379 [East Fourth Street] there are about a ton of ashes, garbage, old cloth, tin cans, and five old barrels. . . . .In front of Nos. 344 and 346 there were seven barrels, refuse overflowing all over the sidewalk. . . .The general condition of this street was bad. I have enumerated the most filthy places, but all along the street it has the appearance of being the dumping-ground of the whole ward."

"This street [Pitt Street] was also very dirty; mud, ashes, filth, and garbage lay all over it to the depth of about eight inches."

"On Ludlow Street, from the corner of Stanton, the street is very filthy. Trucks, wagons, and carts were standing in filth of every kind, from one to two feet deep, and the street was covered with old paper, rags, ashes, garbage, straw, and general refuse."

"On the west side of Thompson Street, from Houston Street north, were piles of snow, ice, mud, garbage, and general filth, from three to four feet high, on which trucks and wagons were piled. Opposite nearly every door there were overflowing barrels of refuse. On Sullivan Street, from Houston to Bleecker, barrels of ashes and garbage were in front of nearly every door, and along the side of the street piles of garbage, old rags, tins, oyster-shells, old paper, and general refuse, from two to four feet high, from which a bad stench arose."

"On Bedford Street, in front of 139, were two barrels of refuse on the sidewalk, and about three barrels more dumped around them. . . .This street was dirty all along. I have specified the worst places only."

"A man named Calder, of 688 Washington Street, volunteered the information that the ashman had not been there for six weeks."

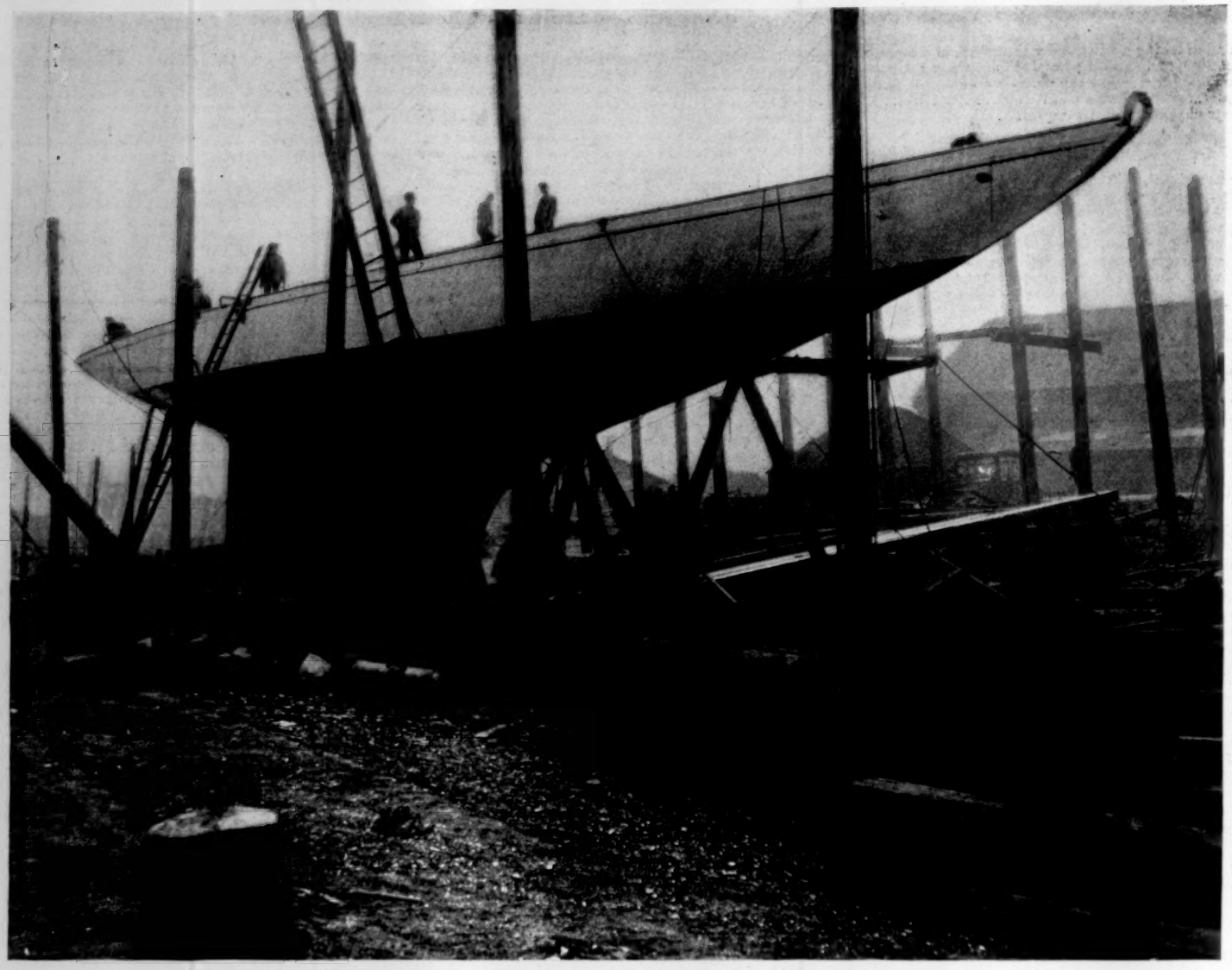
"The whole block [in Greenwich Street] was in as bad a condition throughout, and twenty-one trucks were stationed upon it. In No. 395 a woman informed me that ashes had only been taken away twice in two weeks; the box in front of this house has the refuse of four houses dumped into it, and she said it should be emptied at least three times a week to keep the refuse from being scattered over the walk. At this time a heap of ashes lay in front of the house on the street."

"There was a pile of garbage in front of Van Holten & Bay's store, at 500 Ninth Avenue. A clerk in the store said that people had to dump the garbage in the gutters because the carts of the Street-Cleaning Department did not take it away. He could not remember the last time the block was cleaned."

Indeed, throughout the whole series of affidavits there is constantly recurring reference to the fact that there was usually an interval of several days, and even of several weeks, between the visits of the cleaning carts.

The photographs of 1895 hardly need explanation. They show the degree to which the streets have been freed of standing trucks and cleaned of dirt and accumulated rubbish. As a rule, ash-barrels are not allowed to stand on the sidewalk, save for a short time before and after the trip of the cart, and, as a rule, all of the more populous streets are cleaned twice, and some of them three times, a day. All streets are cleaned at least once a day.

These photographs of 1895 are not exceptional. They were taken on the spots indicated by the other series. Substantially the same conditions would be shown by ten thousand photographs taken all over the city at random, among rich and poor.



"VALKYRIE III." ON THE WAYS IN GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Designed by G. L. Watson for Lord Dunraven to compete with the *Defender* for the *America's* Cup.

"VALKYRIE," THE NEW CHALLENGER FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

THE strict secrecy which has surrounded alike the challenger and defender in the great yachting duel of next September is in a measure ended, so far as the former is concerned, through the medium of the camera. The excellent photograph of the new *Valkyrie* does not, indeed, disclose her exact dimensions, but, in connection with what is already known about her, it shows the dangerous character of our antagonist. In all of the early contests for the *America's* Cup the selection of dimensions, model, and other important factors was the result of chance, and it was only as recently as 1887, in the case of the *Thistle*, that the designer of the challenging yacht was for the first time governed by other considerations than the home racing, and seriously attempted to turn out a yacht fitted for the conditions which prevail on this side of the Atlantic. This first attempt was a failure; but when, in 1893, the same designer was again called on to design a new challenger, he showed a clearer comprehension of the problem, and in the second *Valkyrie* turned out a boat that was incomparably superior to any that had preceded her in the quest for the cup. While the second *Valkyrie* was intended mainly for the cup races off New York, her owner, Lord Dunraven, had also in view the very exciting contests with *Britannia*, *Navahoe*, and *Satanita*, that marked the first half of the British racing season of 1893; and it is now clear that the yacht was designed too much for the Solent and Clyde racing, and too little for the final matches off Sandy Hook. In attempting the task for a third time, Mr. Watson has cast aside every consideration but two—the essential one of strength and seaworthiness for the Atlantic passage, and the other, equally essential to the success of the venture, of speed under the rules of the New York Yacht Club, and also under the weather conditions which normally prevail off Sandy Hook in September. Should the new *Valkyrie* make the western passage in safety and win three of the five races with the defending yacht, it matters nothing what her influence may be on the design of future yachts, whether she may be successful in future races at home, or even whether she may be capable of the return passage.

The means to this extreme end are disclosed in the photograph. In the first place, of all known types, Mr. Watson has selected the latest, the fin-keel; not, it is true, in its most extreme form of an enlarged canoe fitted with a metal plate and a lead bulb, but in an intermediate form, in which the main factors of the fin type, the small displacement, long easy lines, and the power obtained by the immensely long leverage of the lead keel, are combined with the general construction of the British cutter. Though the exact dimensions of the yacht are still unknown, they may be closely approximated—a length over all of 128 to 130 feet, a length on the measured water-line of 90 feet, as any excess would exclude the yacht from the races, while, on the other hand, neither designer will willingly waste one of the last precious inches above 89 feet. This problem is one of the delicate ones that both Watson and Herreshoff have to deal with, to turn out a yacht which, after trial, and the possible alteration of ballast to attain the highest speed, shall not exceed the limit, and shall not be many inches under it. In no previous race have the designers been so restricted in this detail. The beam of the yacht is certainly not over 27 feet, and may not be over 26 feet; in fact, the latter is a good deal for a British designer to take; as the photo shows, the side has a perfectly fair sweep, with no undue fulness at any point.

The draught is the one dimension guarded by every designer with the most jealous care, and the true figures are not likely to be known for some time, but the photo confirms the current report of 18 to 19 feet. From the first meeting of the centreboard and keel types in the larger classes, down to a very recent day, the keel has been handicapped by a lack of draught, the maximum limit for all ordinary harbors and general use being 13 feet, the draught of *Genesta*, *Galatea*, and *Thistle*. In the second *Valkyrie* all considerations of convenience were disregarded, and Mr. Watson gave her a draught of nearly 17 feet, enough, as it proved, for both stability and lateral resistance. With her and *Britannia* to guide him he has doubtless hit the mark in the new boat; the experience with successful keel-yachts, large and small, would indicate for a 90-footer of high power a draught of at least 18 feet as essential.

One of the interesting details disclosed by the picture is the bow, typical of all of Mr. Watson's work, with none of the extreme length and fulness of frame affected by some designers, but, like *Dora* and the second *Valkyrie*, only moderate in length and fulness, pleasing to the eye, promising to do its work well, and free from the offensive fads which are just now in fashion.

The stern and counter can only be guessed at, but enough of the run is visible to show the ease and fairness of the after-body, and the same harmony which characterizes the more visible parts of the yacht.

The hull, as a whole, is evidently but an enlarged canoe, as distinguished from the normal yacht model of recent years—shallow, of comparatively limited accommodation, and of very easy form, the displacement being the least that will float the heavy lead keel and the very large spars and sails. Beneath this hull is the deep thin fin, giving the required lateral plane, in the absence of a centreboard, and also forming the lever on which the weight of the lead keel, some 80 tons, may act. While in construction an integral part of the hull, and not detachable as in the true fin-keel, the fin tapers in thickness as it leaves the hull, until it is less than 3 feet from side to side.

The lead keel is shaped after the model of the fast fishes, the forward end being wide, comparatively blunt, while the after two-thirds of the length tapers beautifully to a fine edge below the rudder.

The outline of fin and keel differs considerably from the second *Valkyrie* and other Watson boats, being more nearly rectangular, the fore edge more nearly vertical, the bottom straighter, and less rake to the stern-post.

All that is known about both *Valkyrie III.* and the *Defender* points to an equality in the main factors, such as dimensions, model, and sail area, that has never before existed; at least it is certain that the British boat, instead of being decidedly less powerful than her opponent, will, if any marked difference exist, be the more heavily canvassed. The one point in which the two differ materially is in the construction. Mr. Herreshoff, as is generally known, has devoted much of his attention to most expensive and elaborate experiments in the use of aluminum and its alloys, and other materials, such as manganese, bronze, and Tobin bronze. Mr. Watson, on the other hand, has departed but little from a well-known and conventional method of construction which has produced such fast and lasting craft as *Genesta*, *Queen Mab*, *Britannia*, and the older cutters, such as *Oimara* and *Marjorie*.

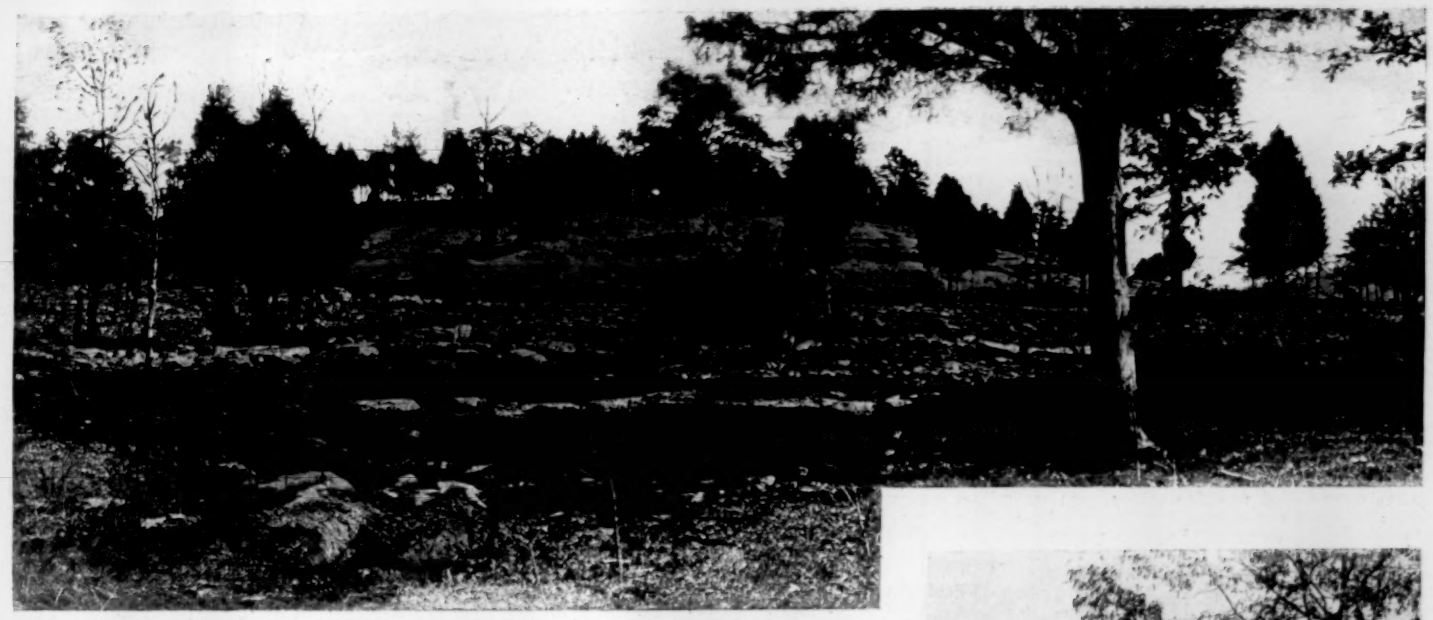
In this "composite" construction, the backbone, including the stem, keel, and stern-post, is of oak or elm; on it is built up an elaborate basket-work of steel angle frames, stringers, straps, and deck beams; and this strong and light frame is covered with the planking of teak and elm, and with the pine decking. The construction of the new yacht is not experimental, but is that of *Queen Mab*, *Valkyrie II.*, and *Britannia*, improved in detail; the metal-work, angles, and straps are all of "nickel-steel," one of the strongest alloys of steel; and the selected materials have been put together by the same skilful workmen who built the other yachts just named in the famous Henderson yard at Patrick, and under the eye of the designer. That the construction will be quite equal to anything yet seen afloat cannot be doubted; whether it is to be excelled by the new *Defender* is yet to be seen.

That light construction, the lessening of the weight of hull and rig, and the concentration of the greatest possible weight in the keel, are material factors of speed has been repeatedly proven, but it is still a question with experienced yachtsmen whether the limit of lightness of hull and weight of keel may not be exceeded with positively bad effects on speed, in addition to the loss of strength and durability. The differing construction of these two yachts, the *Defender* lighter by some tons in weight of construction and proportionately heavier in ballast than the *Valkyrie*, should throw needed light on this important question.

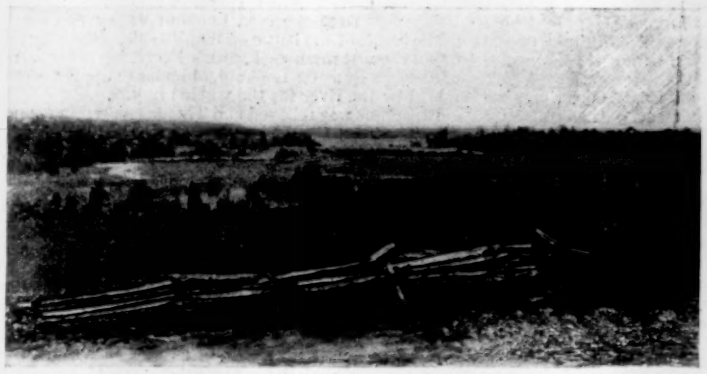
Three interesting points are disclosed by the photo: in the first place, the yacht is painted white, a novelty in a Cup challenger; in the second place, the bulwark, instead of being flush with the planking, is set back apparently about ten inches amidships, diminishing toward each end. The object of this novel idea is that less water may be carried on deck, and at the same time that the resistance may be lessened, only the edge of the deck being dragged through the water.

In all composite yachts the bottom is coppered up to a point well above the water-line, but the photo shows that thus far only the lead keel of the *Valkyrie* is coppered, the bare planking being plainly visible. It is stated that copper will not be used, save on the keel, but that the hull will be covered with a very hard and smooth enamel.

The new craft is an opponent to be feared and respected; she is the third attempt of a master-hand; her dimensions and details throughout have been specially chosen with reference to racing off Sandy Hook; the great disparity in power which has handicapped every challenger in the past has entirely disappeared, and if any odds exist, they are this time on the other side. The result is by no means certain, and there are always strong natural odds in favor of the home vessel; but it is quite evident that the relative strength of the two nations is divided in very different proportions from those which have existed in previous races.



ORCHARD KNOB, CHATTANOOGA—HEADQUARTERS OF GRANT AND THOMAS DURING THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.



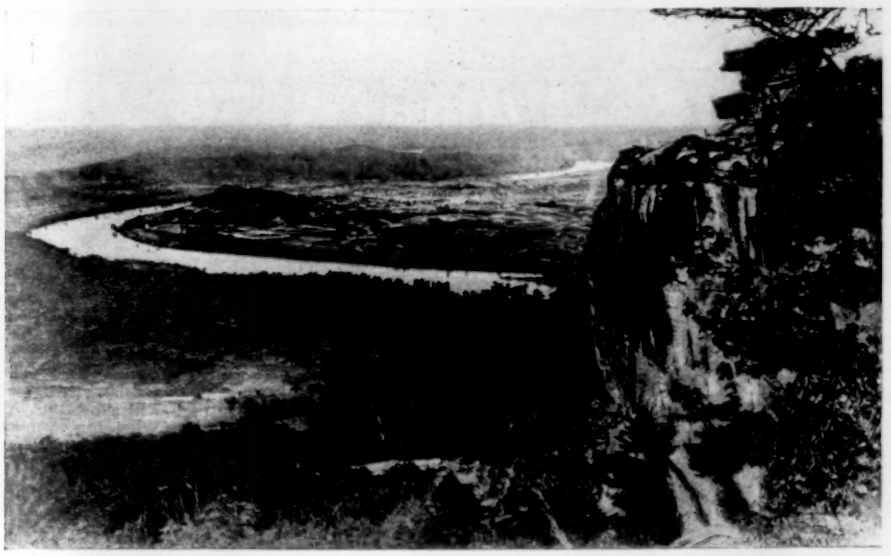
GROUND OVER WHICH GRANGER ADVANCED TO THE RELIEF OF THOMAS.

BLOODY POND.

SNODGRASS HOUSE, CHICKAMAUGA—GENERAL THOMAS'S HEADQUARTERS.

MONUMENT TO THE SECOND MINNESOTA, SNODGRASS HILL.

ALEXANDER'S BRIDGE, CHICKAMAUGA BATTLE-FIELD.



WEST SIDE OF POINT LOOKOUT AND CHATTANOOGA IN 1864—HOOKER'S BATTLE-FIELD.

THE CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA MILITARY PARK.—[See Page 584.]

THE CHICKAMAUGA NATIONAL PARK.

BY H. V. BOYNTON.

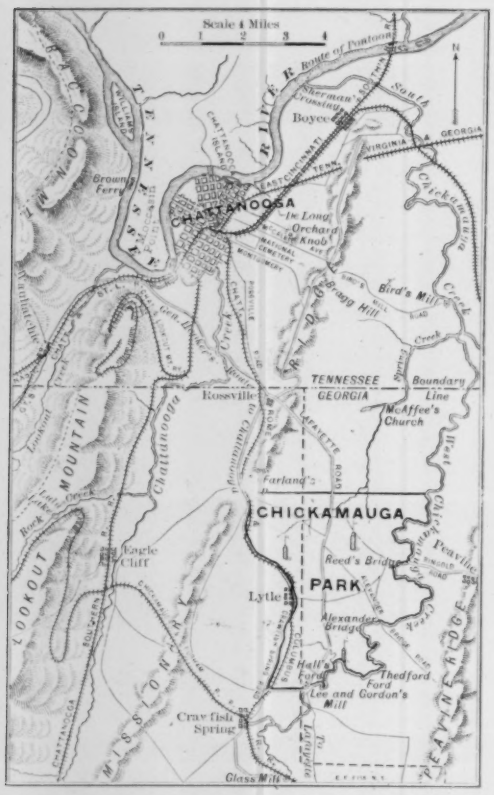
THE dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park, fixed for September 19th and 20th next, under the direction of Secretary Lamont, will be in every sense, and in some very peculiar elements, essentially a national event. Such an occasion as is contemplated under the act of Congress providing for this dedication is without precedent in the history of great wars.

The park to be dedicated embraces two of our most notable battle-fields, one of the combats ranking among the deadliest of all actions of modern wars, the other, because of the mountain and the ridges which were the objectives of the battle, being unrivalled in its spectacular features. Besides these, the park was the theatre of the three important minor affairs of Brown's Ferry, Wauhatchie, and Orchard Knob. Nearly all of the great armies of the Union and of the South, led by many of the foremost chieftains on each side, took part in these engagements.

The Confederacy rallied re-enforcements from every section to save Chattanooga—its mountain stronghold, the centre of its railroad system, and the gateway to its cotton belt. The North sent men from Maine, Minnesota, and Missouri, and from every State within those outposts of her military power; and with these forces were first Rosecrans, Thomas, Bragg, and Longstreet, and then Grant, Sherman, and Hooker, with a long list of the most distinguished corps commanders on each side. The divided nation was gathered here in arms.

For the North alone to take cognizance of such a field would be a national event. But Congress has, without a dissenting vote, provided for a dedication of these fields as a national park, and authorized the Secretary of War to invite the executive, judicial, and legislative branches of the government, the General of the Army, the Admiral of the Navy, the Governors of all the States and their staffs, and the veterans of all armies which fought on those fields, Union and Confederate alike, to equal participation, because now they are citizens of a reunited country, and all loyal to its flag again. Such an event is without parallel in the world's war history.

The underlying ideas in the mind of the originator of the park were these: that American fighting as exemplified by each side in our war had never been surpassed in any of the elements of soldierly endeavor and prowess on the field; that the battle-fields of Chickamauga and Chattanooga ranked among the most notable in all respects, and as the most notable in many respects, of our greatest fields; that the diversity of the theatre of strategy and tactical movement, embracing plain and hill country, as well as successive mountain ranges, great forests, and a



MAP SHOWING BOUNDARIES OF CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

broad and deep river, presented a remarkable object-lesson in military campaigning; and lastly, that the time had come when our battle-fields could be impartially examined by both sides as purely military studies, and the details of their history could be accurately preserved as illustrations of the skill, the pluck, the endurance, the heroism, and the brilliant military ability of the citizen soldiery of our land.

The national park, so far as the titles acquired by the government are complete, consists of three distinct parts. These are the Chickamauga battle-field, the approaches, and several detached tracts.

The main body of the park, as will be seen by the map, lies southeast of Chattanooga and east of Missionary Ridge. The Lafayette or State road, running from Chattanooga through Rossville Gap at Missionary Ridge, passes through the whole length of the Chickamauga field. By this road it is nine miles to the centre of the field, which is near the Kelly house. The eastern boundary of the park is the Chickamauga River; the western line lies along the eastern base of Missionary Ridge. The map shows its northern and southern lines.

That portion of the park east of the Lafayette road is dense forest, with the exception of three extensive fields, Kelly's, Brock's, and Viniard's, each of which was a vortex of severe and persistent battle. The surface rolls gently in low ridges from the river to the Lafayette road. West of this the park is mainly made up of farms, sloping upward into the foot-hills of Missionary Ridge, each, however, having sufficient forest to afford cover for troops and movements. The principal elevation in this portion of the Park is Snodgrass Hill, or Horseshoe Ridge, memorable as the line where General Thomas withstood the assaults of Longstreet throughout the afternoon of the second day's battle. Of the six thousand acres which embrace the fighting-ground, about five thousand acres are forest. The most interesting tracts within the forest area, embracing about three thousand five hundred acres, have been cleared of underbrush and the new growth of timber, so that carriages can drive over any portion of them. The soil is of a character which admits of driving at all seasons.

The approaches are roads over which the armies moved into the battle of Chickamauga, or along which they moved and fought in the engagements about Chattanooga. These were ceded to the government for park purposes by the States of Georgia and Tennessee. Their aggregate length is thirty-six miles, and the rebuilding of most of them in a substantial manner has been completed. The principal approaches about the Chickamauga field are those from Glass's Mill, the extreme left of the Confederate infantry line, to Crawfish Spring; the road from the latter point to Snodgrass Hill, over which the head of Rosecrans's army moved into battle; the road from Ringgold to Reed's Bridge, six miles in length, upon which the advance of Bragg's army reached the field; and the road from Snodgrass Hill through Macfarland's Gap, by which the Union army withdrew to Rossville the night of the second day's battle, to form again across the Lafayette road, which was Bragg's path to Chattanooga.

That portion of the park about Chattanooga consists entirely of approaches and the detached tracts already mentioned. These, however, in connection with a clause in the park act authorizing the erection of historical tablets and monuments in and about the city, and most liberal authority in the same direction granted by the municipality of Chattanooga, its county court, and the Legislature of Tennessee, have virtually converted the entire city and its vicinity into a military park much greater in area than that of the Chickamauga field, over all of which, by the action named, the government has received ample jurisdiction for park purposes alone.

The chief of the approaches about Chattanooga are the Crest Road along the summit of Missionary Ridge, eight miles in length, from Rossville to Tunnel Hill, and the road from Rossville over the north point of Lookout Mountain, through Walthall's and Hooker's battle-ground, to Wauhatchie Valley, a distance of six miles.

The Crest road, with an elevation varying from two hundred and fifty to five hundred feet above the plain, was Bragg's line of battle on Missionary Ridge after Hooker had carried Lookout Mountain. This great boulevard is the central driveway of the park system. It is constructed on a right of way fifty feet in width after the best methods of modern engineering. At Rossville it joins the Lafayette road, which is of the same class. The portion already completed is eighteen miles in length, reaching from General Sherman's battle-field at Tunnel Hill to Crawfish Spring, leaving only two miles unfinished between the latter point and Glass's Mill on the Chickamauga. The Crest road, throughout its length, overlooks the scenes of the three days' battles about Chattanooga. The Lafayette road was the axis and the objective of the two days' battle at Chickamauga. The driveways of the park, aside from the approaches, aggregate thirty miles in length. All of these were roads used during the battle.

The detached purchases are Orchard Knob, Tunnel Hill, the De Long spur, and Bragg's headquarters. All but the first of these are on the summit of Missionary Ridge, and the Crest road passes through them. Orchard Knob is a detached knoll about half-way between Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, rising about sixty feet above the plain, and containing about seven acres. It was the headquarters of Generals Grant and Thomas during the last of the three days' fighting. It formed the strong point in Bragg's central line through the plain, and was captured in the first day's battle by the Army of the Cumberland under General Thomas. Both the Union and the Confederate works upon it are still well preserved. From this line, a mile distant from the foot of Missionary Ridge, the Army of the Cumberland advanced on the third day of the battle to the successful storming of those heights. An observation tower is soon to be erected on this knoll, which will afford a most satisfactory view of the entire theatre of operations about Chattanooga.

At Bragg's headquarters on the ridge, half-way between Rossville and Tunnel Hill, the government has purchased between three and four acres, and erected a steel observation tower seventy feet in height. Half-way between Bragg's headquarters and Tunnel Hill is a jutting spur, containing five and a half acres, known as the De Long Place. Here is another and similar observation tower. The point marks the left of the storming lines of the Army of the Cumberland. At Tunnel Hill the government has purchased fifty acres, comprising the whole north point of Missionary Ridge, nearly as far south as the tunnel. This was the ground of the engagement of General Sherman's army. The position was defended and held by the troops of General Hardee. Here there will be another observation tower, affording a comprehensive view of all operations of the Army of the Tennessee and Bragg's army about the north end of the ridge.

These outline statements of the larger dimensions and general features of the park will show the scale upon which it is projected. As it is designed to mark all the lines of six days' battles in and about the park, and preserve in the inscriptions and on tablets the full history of each organization engaged therein, both Union and Confederate, a brief statement of the campaign for Chattanooga and the battles which attended it becomes essential to a clear knowledge of the scope and meaning of the park.

In August, 1863, Bragg's army held Chattanooga. Rosecrans's forces lay along the western base of the Cumberland Mountains, with headquarters at Winchester. Throwing a strong force over these mountains, and Waldens Ridge east of them, into the Tennessee Valley above Chattanooga, to create the impression that he intended to attack the city from above, he crossed the Cumberlands with his main body in the vicinity of Bridgeport, thirty-five miles below the city, then the Tennessee River, next the Raccoon Mountains, and last the Lookout range, and came down with the centre of his army into McLemore's Cove, twenty-six miles south of and so in rear of Chattanooga. Bragg thereupon withdrew from the city to Lafayette. Being re-enforced by Longstreet's corps from the East, and other forces from nearer points, he started to interfere between Rosecrans and Chattanooga. The Union commander, rapidly concentrating his army, himself succeeded by a night march in interposing on the Chickamauga between Bragg and the city which was his objective. A two days' battle, the most sanguinary of the war, followed. At its close Bragg's army held the Lafayette road between Rosecrans and the city. During the night General Thomas withdrew the Union army through Macfarland's Gap to Rossville Gap, and established it on Missionary Ridge across the Lafayette road, and so once more between Bragg and Chattanooga. Bragg not attacking, Rosecrans advanced, the night of the second day, to the city, and occupied it. The next day Bragg appeared in force before the city, and soon established his lines from Lookout Valley below to the river above, thus effectually closing the only adequate line of supply.

The closing of the river line compelled the Union trains to use the mountain roads, and the problem of holding Chattanooga soon turned upon the ability to drive Bragg from the river and reopen that line of supplies. Through the co-operation of Hooker's forces, composed of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, which had arrived at Bridgeport from the east, Lookout Valley was occupied as the result of the battle of Wauhatchie. Then, by means of a bridge thrown at Brown's Ferry, beyond the range of Bragg's guns on Lookout, abundant supplies were obtained by the river for the whole army.

Rosecrans was relieved and Thomas placed in command October 19th. On the 23d Grant arrived and took general command. The head of General Sherman's army of four divisions arrived from the Mississippi November 18th. The battle of Chattanooga opened November 23d. On the afternoon of that day General Thomas advanced his army, and captured Orchard Knob and the enemy's central line through the plain. November 24th Hooker from Lookout Valley, with Geary's division of his own corps, Cruft's of the Fourth corps, and Osterhaus's of Sherman's army, assaulted Lookout Mountain and carried it. On the same day Sherman, having crossed the Tennessee during the preceding night opposite the north end of Missionary Ridge, advanced toward it and established himself in a commanding position. November 25th Sherman, re-enforced by Howard's corps, attacked the north end of the ridge, which, however, was successfully held by Hardee. At 3.15 on the afternoon of that day four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland under Thomas advanced from the Orchard Knob line with a front of two miles and a half, carried the enemy's earth-works at the foot of the ridge, and immediately stormed the ridge itself, carrying three miles of its summit and capturing forty guns. At the same time Hooker's column from Lookout Mountain entered Rossville Gap, and carried the south end of the ridge to a point a mile north of Rossville. Bragg's army withdrew to Dalton, and Chattanooga thereafter remained in possession of the Union army.

Of these battles Chickamauga was one of the deadliest, if not the deadliest, in its percentages of loss of any battle of the modern world. The battle of Chattanooga, embracing the storming of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, was the grandest spectacular battle of the war—perhaps of any war. Such in brief is the memorable history which the park is designed to commemorate and preserve.

The act establishing the park was approved August 19, 1890. It required about two years to secure title to the lands through condemnation in the United States courts. As the bill provided that owners desiring to remain on their lands could continue to occupy them at a nominal rent, there was general and cordial local support for the scheme. The average cost of the lands of the Chickamauga field has been $29 per acre. The construction of the roads has occupied three seasons.

As both sides have been equally interested and impartially represented in everything pertaining to the establishing of the park, and in the ascertaining and preserving of its military history, the original act and all subsequent legislation affecting the park and appropriations therefor have passed the committees of Congress and both Houses by unanimous votes. The appropriations, including $75,000 just made for the coming fiscal year, have been $725,000. This does not include $20,000 to be expended by Secretary Lamont in preparing for the approaching dedication.

The commission for establishing the park was organized by Secretary Proctor, with General J. S. Fullerton as chairman; General Alexander P. Stewart, representing the Confederate army; Colonel S. C. Kellogg, U.S.A., the third member and secretary; and General H. V. Boynton, historian and general assistant. Major Frank G. Smith, Second United States Artillery, has filled Colonel Kellogg's place, since the latter was detailed as military attaché of our legation at Paris. Mr. J. P. Smartt, of Chattanooga, is an assistant in Confederate work. Secretary Proctor and Secretaries Elkins and Lamont have each taken a deep interest in the work committed by Congress to their charge. The same is true of Assistant-Secretaries Grant and Doe, to whom much of the executive work has been intrusted by the Secretaries. When the country becomes acquainted at the dedication with the immense work which these cabinet officers and their Assistant Secretaries have so efficiently and satisfactorily directed, it is sure to award these officials unstinted and merited praise.

The heaviest and most costly work of establishing the park has been completed. Forty-two miles of roads, equal to any the government has built, have been constructed. Owing to the abundance of road material on the park, the cost of these has been a minimum for such work.

The controlling idea in the work of establishment is to restore the fields to their condition at the time of the battles. To accomplish this, all new roads have been closed, and those of the battle ascertained and improved. There have been few clearings. These will be planted with

cones, acorns, and small trees, and allowed to grow into forest again. The new growth of timber has been cut out over the chief fighting areas of the park. It was found necessary to clear away the underbrush also in order to give access to the lines of battle, and to bring them satisfactorily into view. Enough monuments and tablets are already in place to enable visitors to easily follow the lines.

Five steel observation towers, each seventy feet to the upper platforms, have been erected. Three of these are on the Chickamauga field and two on Missionary Ridge. These are so placed as to overlook the ground of chief movements both at Chickamauga and Chattanooga. Not only are all the elements of the battle-fields brought into

MONUMENT MARKING THE SPOT WHERE A GENERAL OFFICER WAS KILLED.

view, but the mountain ranges over and among which the campaign for Chattanooga was prosecuted are readily distinguished.

Twenty-five States have commissions at work with the national commission in locating the lines of battle of their troops. These have nearly all been active and persistent in their work, and as a result the main lines are fully established. There are few brigade lines that are not known, while a large part of the regimental and battery positions have been ascertained, and recorded on the maps of the topographical survey.

Several hundred historical tablets, each four feet by three, have been erected upon the park and along its approaches. These set forth the composition of armies, corps, divisions, and brigades, with the commanders of each organization down to regiments and batteries. Each contains from two to four hundred words of text setting forth the part taken by each organization on the ground of its fighting. There are also staff tablets bearing the names of every general officer's staff. The treatment of Union and Confederate organizations on the tablets is exactly alike. The only distinguishing mark is the "U." on one and the "C." on the other. The following are specimens:

No. 75.

RESERVE CORPS.

MAJ. GEN. GORDON GRANGER.

[SEPT. 20TH, 1863, 1 P.M.]

1st Division—Brig. Gen. JAMES B. STEEDMAN.
2d Brigade, Brig. Gen. J. D. Morgan's Division—Col. DANIEL McCOOK.

On the morning of the 20th of September the Reserve Corps was in the vicinity of McAfee's Church, 2½ miles northeast of this point. Gen. Granger, about noon, judging by the firing that Gen. Thomas was hard pressed, marched in haste with Steedman's Division to his assistance, guided by the sound of the guns, and without orders. While passing this point at 1 o'clock, Forrest's Cavalry attacked his left flank without delaying him. He deployed Whitaker's Brigade upon the high ground west of this road and drove the enemy's cavalry away from the Union hospital at Cloud's Spring. He then sent back for McCook's Brigade, and posting it on the crest next south of Cloud's House and west of McDonald's, rapidly pressed on with the rest of his command to the vicinity of the Snodgrass House, where he reported to Gen. Thomas. There, Steedman's Division went immediately into action on the right of Thomas' line, repulsing the enemy's troops who were in the act of turning that flank. At 6 P.M. the division withdrew under orders to the next ridge in the rear, followed by the enemy to the foot of the second ridge. Loss in the battle, all but 34 of which was in Steedman's two Brigades, during the afternoon of September 20th: Killed, 215; wounded, 976; missing, 631; total, 1822. Strength of Steedman's two brigades in action, 3913. Between 1 o'clock and 6 P.M., the killed and wounded numbered 1732. Percentage of loss, 44. Of 216 officers, 109 were killed or wounded. Percentage, 45.8.

No. 80. C.

FIELD HEADQUARTERS—ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

[SEPT. 20TH, 1863, 9 A.M.]

Right Wing—Gen. LEONIDAS POLK.
Left Wing—Lieut. Gen. JAMES LONGSTREET.
Polk's Corps—Gen. LEONIDAS POLK.
Hill's Corps—Lieut. Gen. DANIEL H. HILL.
Longstreet's Corps—Maj. Gen. JOHN B. HOOD.
Buckner's Corps—Maj. Gen. SIMON B. BUCKNER.
Walker's Reserve Corps—Maj. Gen. WM. H. T. WALKER.
Wheeler's Cavalry Corps—Maj. Gen. JOSEPH WHEELER.
Forrest's Cavalry Corps—Brig. Gen. NATHAN B. FORREST.
Reserve Artillery—Maj. SAMUEL C. WILLIAMS.

At the close of the engagement on the 19th of September, Gen. Bragg summoned his commanders and gave orders for the renewal of the battle at daylight. The army was divided into right and left wings. Gen. Polk was placed in command of the right wing, and Gen. Longstreet, who arrived from Virginia at 11 P.M., was assigned to the left wing. The orders directed the attack to begin by divisions on the extreme right at dawn, and to be taken up rapidly and successively to the left. Owing to various delays the attack did not open in Gen. Polk's wing until 9.30 A.M. Gen. Stewart's division, being the right of Gen. Longstreet's wing, attacked at 11 A.M., by direct orders from Gen. Bragg, followed at once by the divisions to his left. At this hour the engagement became general. The divisions of the right wing from right to left were Pegram's and Armstrong's of Forrest's Cavalry, the latter dismounted; Breckinridge with Gist and Liddell of Walker's Corps to the right and rear; Cheatham and Clebarne in reserve. The divisions of the left wing were Stewart, Bushrod Johnson, with Law and Kershaw to his rear, Hindman, and Preston. Wheeler's Cavalry Corps was east of the Chickamauga River, and operating along that stream in the vicinity of Glass' Mill.

Division tablets show brigades and their commanders, and brigade tablets regiments and batteries and the commanders of each. There will be about three hundred such tablets on the park by the time set for the dedication.

Locality tablets show the names of houses, fields, or other landmarks of the battles, while distance tablets are found at the cross-roads and many intermediate points, giving directions and distances to places of chief interest.

One of the most interesting and striking methods of marking the fields is the treatment of the artillery positions. Each battery is to be set up on the ground where it did its most important fighting. Guns of the same patterns used in the battle have already been procured for this purpose, and iron gun-carriages of the style to match them are being cast. At several prominent points where artillery was massed during the battles this feature will be most impressive. There will be about 300 guns thus mounted at Chickamauga alone, where thirty-five batteries were engaged on one side and thirty-nine on the other.

The spots where general officers were killed or mortally wounded are marked by pyramidal monuments of eight-inch shells. These are ten feet in height. There are eight of them at Chickamauga and one at Missionary Ridge. Five mark the points where Union officers fell, and four where Confederate brigade commanders were shot. These were Lytle, E. A. King, Heg, Baldwin, and Phelps on the Union side, and Helm, Preston Smith, Colquitt, and Deshler of the Confederates.

The first State monuments were erected last season. Minnesota was first upon the ground with five. Thus far hers are the most costly monuments, though all erected are excellent. Massachusetts came next, the first of the Eastern States. Her monument is in a prominent position on Orchard Knob. Ohio has erected fifty-five monuments at Chickamauga. No two of these are of the same design, and all are of first-class execution. This State has also set up over fifty granite markers to indicate other positions of her troops than those designated by the monuments. For the regular regiments and batteries monuments have been erected by the government. The only materials allowed by the regulations of the Secretary of War for monumental purposes are granite and bronze. Under the law establishing the park the designs for monuments and the inscriptions for them must receive the approval of the Secretary of War.

The park project is national with respect to State representation in the troops which took part in the Chattanooga campaign. Of the thirty-five States which had been admitted to the Union at the date of the battle, or of the thirty-three States east of the Rocky Mountains, twenty-nine had troops in the campaign. That this interest of the war days continues, and has now been transferred to the park, is shown by the fact that all of these States except three have appointed commissions to co-operate with the National Commission in ascertaining and marking the locations of their troops. The States which have not acted had but a single organization each in the campaign. All of the Southern States have moved in the matter, and three of these had troops on each side, and are taking measures to properly mark the positions of all.

In a number of States there has been no session of their Legislatures since the first action was taken providing commissions to locate positions, and so appropriations for monuments cannot be made until the sessions of next winter. But the State commissions all feel confident of liberal action then.

In expenditures for monuments Ohio very properly led, since she had the greatest number of organizations both at Chickamauga and Chattanooga. Her appropriation was $95,000 for fifty-five monuments at Chickamauga. New York has a bill which calls for $83,000. For five monuments Minnesota appropriated $15,000. Indiana has appropriated $40,000, Illinois $65,000, and Michigan and Wisconsin each $20,000. Missouri, Kansas, and Massachusetts have provided for their monuments. South Carolina has a commission engaged upon designs, and the Texas and Louisiana commissions have reported in favor of ample appropriations. Very liberal bills are pending before the Legislature of Pennsylvania. From information received from State commissions it is expected that about one hundred monuments will be erected during the coming season, and that a considerable proportion of these will be in place by the time fixed for the park dedication.

While it will be perfectly clear to all that any great battle-field marked as here described would be a most interesting object-lesson in war, the claim that this national park will in this respect far surpass anything yet undertaken by the nations will appear reasonable upon an examination of some of the main elements of the case.

From the point of Lookout Mountain the whole theatre of the striking campaign which the park illustrates, and the relations of each movement and battle in it to the final result, are clearly seen. From this point the vision reaches seven States.

As already stated, Rosecrans's army first came over the Cumberland Mountains, a distance of sixty miles, into the Tennessee Valley. The front of his movement in this valley was one hundred and fifty miles. The river, a serious military obstacle, was next crossed, and beyond it his army moved over two mountain ranges, ending with Lookout, and came down into the rear of Chattanooga, thus forcing its evacuation. All this was a campaign of strategy. The mountains crossed were 2200 feet in elevation. It was a barren region. The summits of all the ranges terminated in palisades, and the few roads which traversed them were little more than trails. The movements over them were by army corps in single file. The river at the points of crossing was 1250 and 2700 feet wide. Several divisions crossed on rafts and in canoes of their own construction, and great numbers of the men made rafts for their accoutrements and swam over, pushing these floats before them. The campaign involved casting loose for nearly a month from the base of supplies, and the whole formidable movement was in the enemy's country.

The battle of Chickamauga, measured by its casualty list, has not been exceeded in deadliness in modern wars. From first to last, through two days, it was a fight without earth-works of any kind, with the lines for the most part within point-blank range. During the first day there was little use made on either side of rails and logs. On the second the Union lines were partially protected by rude barricades of logs, rails, stumps, and stones. Many brigades on both sides, and very many regiments, lost every other man before the battle ended.

There was no such series of magnificent assaults on either side in any battle of the war as those of Longstreet's troops upon Snodgrass Hill, which were continuous over the same ground from one o'clock till dark. And it was a single line, without reserves, that held this crest against those oft-repeated and tremendous efforts.

While Lookout is a wonderful battle-ground, Missionary Ridge will always remain one of the miracles of military story. That storming army, under George H. Thomas, rushing with a front of two miles and a half for a mile across the plain, carrying the earth-works at the foot of the ridge, sweeping without a halt up its tangled slopes, over intermediate rifle-pits, to its summit, capturing forty guns and two thousand prisoners, and dispersing an army, will never cease to hold its merited prominence in the history of wars. The simultaneous Confederate defence of the north end of the ridge against Sherman's army was also one of the most remarkable achievements of the war. The night crossing of the wide Tennessee by Sherman's army, prepared and directed by General W. F. Smith and General James H. Wilson, and the Browns Ferry affair for the reopening of the Tennessee, also executed by General Smith, are deeply interesting studies, as they were great achievements in war.

Such are the salient features of the wonderful object-lesson, while the whole theatre of operations covered by or in sight from the towers and natural elevations of the park are crowded with details which attract and interest the visitor at every step.

The dedication is to be an affair of large proportions. The act of Congress under which Secretary Lamont will prescribe the ceremonies and make the necessary preparations is as follows:

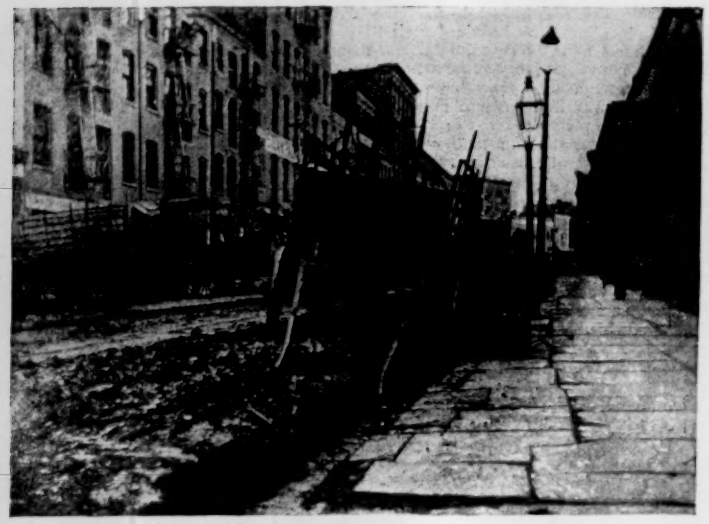
"*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That a national dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park shall take place on the battle-fields of Chickamauga and Chattanooga September nineteenth and twentieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, under the direction of the Secretary of War, who is hereby authorized to fix upon and determine the arrangements, ceremonies, and exercises connected with the dedication; to request the participation of the President, Congress, the Supreme Court, the heads of executive departments, the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy therein; to invite the Governors of States and their staffs, and the survivors of the several armies there engaged, and have direction and full authority in all matters which he may deem necessary to the success of the dedication. He shall have authority to procure such supplies and services, and to call upon the heads of the several staff departments of the army for such material and stores as he may deem necessary in connection with the dedication.

"SEC. 2. That to carry out the purposes of this act the sum of twenty thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated, out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, which shall be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War: *Provided*, That the total expenses to carry out the provisions of this act, including the supplies furnished, shall not exceed the sum herein named."

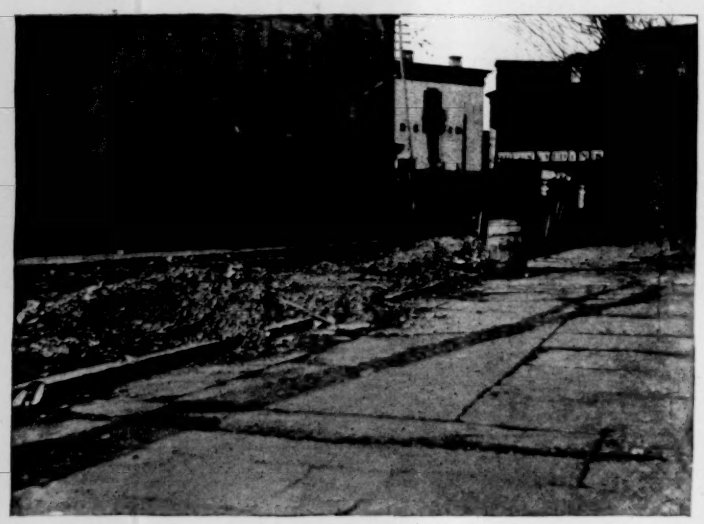
Congress, by concurrent resolution, promptly accepted an invitation of the Secretary sent in accordance with this act, and twenty Senators and thirty Representatives were named by the presiding officers of the respective Houses to attend on the part of Congress. The Vice-President and the Speaker of the House were also designated by the resolution as members of this joint committee. The Governors of several of the States, both North and South, have already indicated their purpose to attend with their staffs and a strong representation of veterans.

OBSERVATION TOWER, BRAGG'S HEADQUARTERS ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

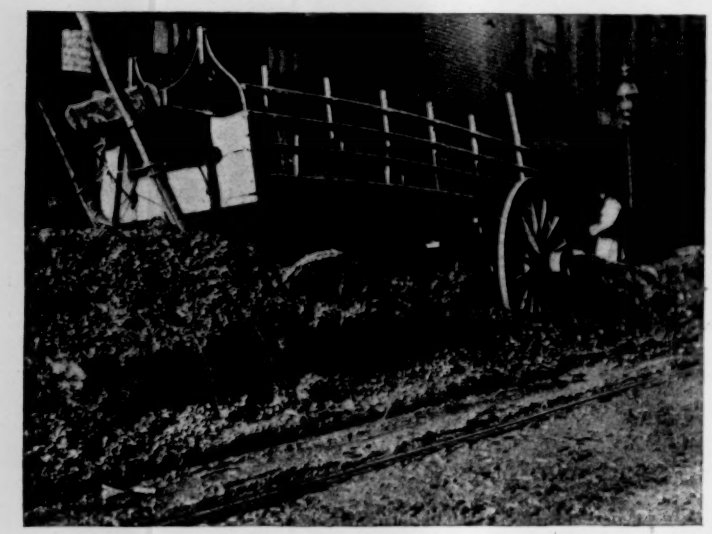
The presence of the Lieutenant General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy is expected. The Grand Army of the Republic has fixed the date of its next encampment at Louisville, so as to enable its veterans to proceed from the encampment to the dedication. In like manner the Society of the Army of the Tennessee has arranged its next reunion at Cincinnati with a view of attending the dedication. The Society of the Army of the Cumberland will meet at Chickamauga two days before these ceremonies. The States of Ohio and Minnesota are preparing to dedicate their monuments with impressive exercises at the same time. A great number of veteran organizations have already indicated their purpose to attend, and in several instances brigades are organizing for the trip. The problem of providing for the immense crowd whose presence is already assured is, even at this early day, a perplexing one. The city of Chattanooga has taken the matter in hand, and everything within the power of the citizens will be done to assist the Secretary of War in contributing to the comfort of the crowds and making the occasion a success.



MARCH, 1893. IN FRONT OF 221 AND 223 WEST HOUSTON STREET. JUNE, 1895.



MARCH, 1893. IN FRONT OF 1 AND 3 COTTAGE PLACE. JUNE, 1895.



MARCH, 1893. IN FRONT OF 212 SULLIVAN STREET. MAY, 1895.

MARCH, 1893. IN FRONT OF 9 VARICK PLACE. MAY, 1895.

WEST-SIDE STREETS.

A NEW BROOM O.NE

Results of Colonel Waring's Work contrasted with the Results of Tammany Neg.—I

MARCH, 1893.

EAST HOUSTON STREET, LOOKING WEST FROM NO. 385. JUNE, 1895.

MARCH, 1893.

NORTHEAST CORNER OF FOURTH STREET AND AVENUE D. MAY, 1895.

MARCH, 1893.

RIDGE STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM RIVINGTON STREET. JUNE, 1895.

MARCH, 1893.

IN FRONT OF 299 EAST THIRD STREET. MAY, 1895.

EAST-SIDE STREETS.

NEW YORK STREETS.

Neg.—From Photographs of the same Localities taken in 1893 and 1895.—[See Page 581.]

THE COST OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

THE number of persons who want to know what is the cost of our government is very large, but it is not easy for them to find out. The facts are buried in the government statements, which require analysis. It needs a skilled accountant to sort the items and to measure the relative importance of each charge. The public mind is also confused by the efforts of each party to make out a case against the other, the partisan bandying epithets and making vague charges, like that which became popular a few years since, and in the present year, of "billion-dollar Congress." The term "billion" conveys very little meaning to the minds of people except as something huge. In our mode of counting it means one thousand million dollars ($1000,000,000). At one time the Republican party was said to have made an appropriation of a billion dollars for the two years' expenditure covered by one term of the members of that Congress. Recently the Democratic party has been subject to the same charge. Both statements are in one way true, but both alike give an utterly false impression. In each case the billion dollars was made to include the gross cost of the postal service, the greater part of which is recovered from the sale of stamps. In both instances large appropriations for the construction of ships of war, for making big guns, for river and harbor improvements, and for other public works were included, on which the expenditure was or will be extended over several years.

The true annual cost of supporting this government, including civil and military service, naval service, the construction of public works and improvements, miscellaneous expenditures, interest, pensions, sugar bounties, and other charges, has been, from 1880 to 1894 inclusive, on the average, a fraction over two hundred and eighty-two million dollars ($282,000,000); the average revenue during the same period, a fraction over three hundred and sixty-five million dollars ($365,000,000). The surplus, mainly applied to the reduction of debt, has averaged eighty-three million dollars ($83,000,000) a year. The nearest approach to a billion-dollar expenditure in any two years occurred in 1893 and 1894, when the amount, aside from the postal service, not including the postal deficiency, came to less than seven hundred and fifty million dollars ($750,000,000), or three-quarters of a billion. Of course annual expenditures increase somewhat with the growth of population. During the last administration expenditures were increased both in amount and in proportion to numbers. They are now being diminished in the aggregate, and yet more in the ratio per head of population. The following table gives the facts, omitting the postal service, also omitting premium on bonds purchased and other non-recurrent items. If these latter items were included, the average per capita expenditure would show nineteen (19) cents per head more.

Year.	Revenue.	Per Head.	Expenditures.	Per Head.
1880.....	$333,526,491	$6.825	$258,902,180	$5.298
1881.....	360,782,293	7.193	253,137,478	5.047
1882.....	403,525,250	7.864	248,244,691	4.837
1883.....	398,287,581	7.587	258,045,546	4.916
1884.....	348,519,870	6.491	237,650,244	4.426
1885.....	323,690,706	5.895	253,674,439	4.620
1886.....	336,439,727	5.992	236,383,979	4.210
1887.....	371,403,278	6.470	261,737,657	4.560
1888.....	379,266,075	6.463	253,494,650	4.329
1889.....	387,050,059	6.454	275,104,407	4.587
1890.....	403,080,983	6.577	291,028,440	4.749
1891.....	332,612,447	6.270	346,845,214	5.539
1892.....	354,937,784	5.548	333,872,752	5.219
1893.....	385,819,629	5.899	370,132,606	5.659
1894.....	297,722,019	4.455	357,231,799	5.346
Total	$5,476,664,102		$4,235,486,082	
Average..	$365,110,940		$282,368,738	

Difference in Totals, $1,241,178,020; in Averages, $82,745,200.

Even this table does not show all the facts as to the actual cost of government. During the years 1891 to 1894 inclusive the direct-tax charge assessed during the war was returned to the amount of $15,218,665. Sugar bounties which had been declared unlawful by the District Court of the District of Columbia were paid to sugar-planters to the amount of $29,797,398 13.

But deducting these sums, the true cost of government will still be somewhat obscure. The only way to compare one year with another is to divide the taxes and the expenses by the number of persons upon whom the burden falls. By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, and through the courtesy of Mr. W. C. Ford, of the Bureau of Statistics, I am now enabled to give the figures in the simplest form. They show how little variation there has been since 1879 in the items which make up the true cost of government. The great variations have been in the reduction of the interest charge and in the increase of the cost of pensions, but the latter is now in the way of rapid reduction. A very large part of the charge to pensions in recent years has consisted in the first payments, dating back for several years up to the time of the audit. That obligation has nearly ceased, the valid claims having been nearly all allowed. The pension roll is now approximately one hundred and thirty-five million dollars ($135,000,000), and will steadily diminish with lapse of time.

In the next table I submit the annual amount of revenue derived from each of the several subjects of taxation per head on the average for fourteen years, from the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, to the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893. I do not include the last fiscal year, ending June 30, 1894, because the silver panic and the paralysis of industry which were brought on in April, 1893, by the silver craze, coupled with the effect of drought and of a very short crop of corn, have made the last year an exception to the rule which had been developed in the previous fourteen years. The attack upon the credit of this country by the agents and representatives of the silver-mines and their deluded victims stopped constructive enterprise early in 1893, thus depriving great numbers of people of their work. It put the price of many leading articles below the cost of production, and caused a loss to the whole community, which can be in some measure estimated by the falling off in the revenue at the rate of one dollar and a half per head, or in round figures about ninety million dollars ($90,000,000), as compared to the previous year. The loss to the community was ten to twenty fold the loss of revenue.

We are now recovering from that panic. The administration has re-established our credit. Constructive enterprise is being slowly renewed. Labor is now well employed; wages are being restored to the former rate on the gold standard; reasonable profits are now in view; confidence is in part re-established. But the attack upon our credit has lately been renewed more bitterly than ever. It now makes little or no impression. The solid sense of the country has been aroused. Before Congress meets in December next every man who can read the signs of the times will be a supporter of sound money based on coin of full value at one hundred cents to the dollar. The advocates of the fifty-cent silver dollar will be as fully exposed to derision as their dollar is when the stamp is hammered off from it, so that it cannot be used as currency or paid in for taxes to the Treasury. No one wants that kind of a dollar, and no one wants any man to represent him in Congress who plays the game of the silver-miners—"Heads we win; tails you lose."

We may now deal with the facts disclosed by fourteen years of revenue and fifteen years of expenditure.

From this table we derive the following conclusion:

Tax on domestic spirits, yielding per head	$1.312	
" " " beer, " " "	.373	
" " " tobacco, " " "	.605	
" " foreign liquors, " " "	.137	
" " " tobacco, " " "	.160	
Total tax on liquors and tobacco		$2.587
Tax on sugar for 11½ years at rate of .925 per head, then removed:		
Average for whole term	.764	
Small internal taxes	.077	
Miscellaneous permanent receipts, sales public lands, etc	.534	
		1.375
		3.962
Taxes on all other imports than liquors and tobacco		2.576
Total taxation per head		$6.538

The subsequent table gives the expenditures of the government for fifteen years, including the last. The deficiency for that year was taken from the cash in the Treasury. This made it necessary to sell bonds in order to restore the reserve of gold which is needed in the banking department of the Treasury.

In dealing with this table it will be remarked that the variation year by year in each part of the actual cost of the government is very small. Lest the reader should be led to think that such slight changes do not call upon him to watch expenditures lest his money should be wasted, it must be kept in mind that we now number about seventy million (70,000,000) people. Therefore every extra cent wasted costs us seven hundred thousand dollars ($700,000), and every cent per head saved leaves seven hundred thousand dollars ($700,000) in our own pockets.

The revenue from stamps does not pay the full cost of the postal service. It is alleged, apparently on solid ground, that the payment for the mere carrying of the mails is excessive, and that if right discrimination and the application of business principles were applied, the postal service could be made more effective at a lessening cost, without deficiency such as has marked recent years. All these changes and benefits will come when a true rule of civil service is established, and a method of auditing government accounts is adopted under which the auditors may be men of authority rather than men of merely mechanical routine, who may call attention to the defects in the service and to the misapplication of the government money.

The average cost of each department of the government, aside from postal service, for fifteen years has been as follows:

	Cts. Per Head.
Cost of civil service administration—legislative, judicial, consular, etc.	.39640
Public buildings for civil use—post-offices, custom-houses, etc.	.07386
Support of army	.56610
Cost of forts, etc.	.00600
Improvement of rivers and harbors	.18600
Support of navy	.25260
Construction of naval vessels	.08826
Miscellaneous—District of Columbia, etc., refund of taxes, unlawful sugar bounties, premiums on bonds purchased, etc., etc.	.92266
Total	2.49188
Interest on public debt	.90880
Cost of government and interest	3.40068
Pensions	1.48760
Total expenditure	$4.88828
Taxation in all forms, per head	6.53800
Expenditures of all kinds	4.88828
Difference	$1.64972

Making no allowance for a slight difference in cash in the Treasury June 30, 1879, as compared to June 30, 1894, this difference of $1.65 per head enabled us to meet the postal deficit, to pay for the support of Indians and for extinguishing their title to large areas of land, and to reduce the public debt over $1,100,000,000—besides paying a heavy premium on the bonds purchased.

A comparison, however, of the debt at different intervals is instructive. The recorded debt at highest point, in August, 1865, did not show the full amount. At a later period the outstanding debts which were not then audited were added to that sum, and the maximum debt, as stated by Secretary McCulloch in a final review, came to a fraction less than three thousand million dollars ($3000,000,000). This sum amounted to eighty-four ($84) per head of the population. Our net debt is now a fraction over fourteen hundred million dollars ($1400,000,000), which comes to twenty dollars per head. But we have on hand the silver bullion which has cost within a fraction of a dollar an ounce, and which may now be worth sixty cents. At that valuation we might consider it an asset if it were capable of being disposed of for three hundred million dollars ($300,000,000). Therefore, if we can make use of the silver dollars as token money, convertible into gold in one way or another, and dispose of the bullion, our present net debt may be computed at eleven hundred million dollars ($1100,000,000), which is, disregarding fractions, sixteen dollars ($16) per head of population.

It may be remarked that our tax in 1865, when computed per head on the whole population, South as well as North, came to 15\frac{73}{100}$ per head. These taxes were, however, borne by the two-thirds of the population occupying the Northern States, and might be computed approximately at twenty-one dollars per head upon those who met the burden and paid the bill. A tax at the rate of twenty-one dollars per head would now cover the entire cost of the government for the ensuing year and also pay the outstanding net debt in full. In 1868 the writer made a computation of the future cost of government and the reduction of debt based on the then existing rate of taxation at eight dollars and sixty cents ($8.60) per head. That computation has since been more than justified. Had that rate of taxation been maintained, the country would have been absolutely free of debt on the 1st of January, 1885.

The point to which special attention should now be given is that we may deduce a rule from these tables of revenue and expenditures which will be a sure guide for the next fifteen years, subject as these years may be to an occasional commercial crisis of the ordinary kind, but subject as they should not be to a financial panic and paralysis of industry due to ignorance and incapacity. It is now fairly assured that the revenue under the existing laws, even without the income tax, will fully meet all the expenditures in the next fiscal year, ending June 30, 1896, with a probable surplus.

The temporary deficiency between June 30, 1893, and June 30, 1895, will, as I have stated, have been paid from the cash which was in the Treasury at the first date. This is proved by the fact that the gold and notes which are now counted as cash in the Treasury exceed the amount received from the three sales of bonds made for the purpose of restoring the reserve in the banking department.

There are variations to be considered in the amount which may be derived in the future from each source of revenue. We may first remark that the tax on spirits has varied year by year to some extent. I find that this variation has followed the scarcity or abundance and the low or high price of corn. The rate of taxation on spirits was raised by the last Congress. The average for fourteen years had been $1.312 per head. In recent years it has been $1.40. It is probable that the increase in the rate of taxation may not impair the revenue, and under the new law the future yield may be estimated at, per head $1.50

The consumption of beer is rapidly increasing; on the recent average it may be expected to yield per head ..... .50

The rate of taxation on domestic tobacco was greatly reduced in 1883. Since then there have been few changes, and the revenue remains almost uniform at, per head ..... .50

The tax on imported liquors and tobacco is practically uniform at ..... .30

Total, liquors and tobacco $2.80

The small internal taxes on bank circulation, oleomargarine, and the like may be computed per head at ..... .05

The miscellaneous permanent receipts, so called, are mainly derived from the sales of public lands, from taxes in the District of Columbia, and from some other sources. During the period when silver bullion was being coined under the Bland and Sherman acts so as to be forced upon the people in the dollars at the rate of over one dollar and twenty-nine cents an ounce, when it cost less than one dollar an ounce on the average, the difference was called a profit, and was covered into the Treasury under the head of miscellaneous permanent receipts! The true miscellaneous permanent receipts may be computed per head ..... .30

The former tax on sugar yielded a little over ninety-two cents per head. The present ad valorem duty on a reduced foreign cost may be computed at, per head, when normal imports are resumed ..... .45

The revenue from liquors, tobacco, sugar, and miscellaneous permanent receipts may therefore be estimated per head at $3.60

Passing over for the time other sources of revenue, we may now deal with the items of expenditure:

The average of the civil service shows little variation. It has been .3964, and may be computed at .. .40

Public Buildings, at .07386, may be increased to .. .10

Support of Army and Fortifications, which have been .57210, may be ..... .60

Rivers and Harbors have varied and will vary, but may not exceed ..... .25

The support of the Navy may be continued at .. .25

The construction of the new navy has passed its maximum, and need not exceed ..... .10

The miscellaneous expenses, swelled in recent years by the return of direct taxes, sugar bounties, purchase of Indian lands, etc., may now be reduced to a former average of ..... .80

Total $2.50

The interest, which has been under forty cents on the average for three years, may be increased by funding Sherman demand notes as fast as they are paid, to ..... .50

Total computed expense and interest .. $3.00

Computed revenue from liquors, tobacco, sugar, and permanent receipts $3.60

Computed expenditure aside from pensions 3.00

Excess for contingencies or for pensions ..... .60

In the statement of the cost of government I have not included the deficiency in the postal service, because there is reason to believe that a more efficient administration, under civil service rules, may abate it wholly, nor have I included the support of Indians or the purchase of Indian lands. To cover contingencies we may estimate the postal deficit annually for the next fifteen years at $8,000,000 a year, or 10 cents per capita. We may add for Indians or other contingencies 10 cents more, making an allowance for such charges of 20 cents per head, which has more than covered these items and the premiums on bonds purchased in addition, during the last fifteen years ..... .20

Excess over all contingencies ..... .40

The excess of forty cents per head from these sources, computed at our present population of seventy million, would yield twenty-eight million dollars ($28,000,000).

On the basis of the estimates customarily adopted in the Treasury Department, the population June 30, 1895, will be 69,763,000
June 30, 1910 95,630,000
Average for fifteen years, about..... 82,200,000

On this prospective population an excess of revenue from these sources of forty cents will yield an average per year of $32,000,000. This may be assigned either to the payment of pensions or to a resumption of the purchase of bonds for the sinking-fund.

The total pension-roll is now approximately one hundred and thirty-five million dollars ($135,000,000), which is subject to a steady and probably accelerating rate of reduction. First payments on claims now pending are very small. Therefore the appropriation made by the last Congress of one hundred and forty million dollars ($140,000,000) will probably be excessive.

The tax on imports, omitting sugar, liquors, and tobacco, will very soon equal the pension-roll of one hundred and thirty-five million dollars ($135,000,000), so far as any indications are given by the present revenue. But with the restoration of prosperity now so near at hand, barring the silver craze, the customs revenue will probably increase in large measure.

Under these conditions a moderate surplus is well assured in the next fiscal year, with an increase thereafter from larger revenues and diminishing pensions.

The duties on imports for six months ending May 31st have yielded a revenue of a fraction less than eighty-two million dollars ($82,000,000), or at the rate of one hundred and sixty-four million dollars ($164,000,000) for twelve months. The proportion derived from sugar and molasses, spirits and tobacco, already set apart to meet normal expenditures, would probably be forty million dollars ($40,000,000) out of such a total. That would leave one hundred and twenty-four million dollars ($124,000,000) to be applied to pensions. If to this be added less than one-half of the expected surplus from liquors, tobacco, and miscellaneous receipts, it would seem that an ample revenue is assured in the next fiscal year to meet all the appropriations that can be expended in that year, with a moderate surplus.

There are, however, some slight elements of uncertainty which can only be put at rest by lapse of time. In view of this, and in order to make way for the removal of other taxes on crude materials, it would be very judicious to levy an additional tax of one dollar per barrel on beer, probably yielding an additional revenue of thirty-two million dollars ($32,000,000). If that were done early in the December session a surplus revenue for the next fiscal year would become absolutely sure. It might be imposed only for a term of two or three years to cover contingencies.

The conclusion is that the standard of normal expenditure established before the excessive appropriations were made by the Congress of 1890 was four dollars and sixty-eight cents ($4.68)—allowing for contingencies, five dollars ($5) per head. This excess of 32 cents per head to cover contingencies would now yield over $22,000,000, and on the average for fifteen years over $26,000,000, a year.

The Congress of 1890 repealed the most effective and least costly part of the revenue system, to wit, the tax on sugar. Had that tax been continued to the present time it would have yielded, up to June 30, 1895, since its repeal, more than two hundred and fifty million dollars ($250,000,000), while the direct bounties paid to the sugar-planters, amounting to $30,000,000, would have been saved. We have returned to a less corrupting system for the collection of revenue than we have had for a long time. We may soon reach conditions under which all the taxes which the people pay, the government will receive. A tax of five dollars per head, including the miscellaneous receipts, will amply suffice for all reasonable appropriations.

The population for the next fifteen years may be computed as follows. Against each year I have placed the division of the expenditure for the cost of government and the sum which will be available year by year to be applied to the rapidly diminishing amounts of interest and pensions.

Year.	Computed Population.	Revenue at $5 per Head.	Normal Cost of Government at $2.50 per Head.	Interest, Pensions, and Surplus at $2.50 per Head.
1895–1896.	69,763,000	$348,765,000	$174,382,500	$174,382,500
1896–1897.	71,263,000	356,315,000	178,157,500	178,157,500
1897–1898.	72,807,000	364,035,000	182,017,500	182,017,500
1898–1899.	74,389,000	371,945,000	185,972,500	185,972,500
1899–1900.	76,011,000	380,055,000	190,027,500	190,027,500
1900–1901.	77,676,000	388,380,000	194,190,000	194,190,000
1901–1902.	79,360,000	396,800,000	198,400,000	198,400,000
1902–1903.	81,070,000	405,350,000	202,675,000	202,675,000
1903–1904.	82,880,000	414,000,000	207,000,000	207,000,000
1904–1905.	84,550,000	422,750,000	211,375,000	211,375,000
1905–1906.	86,350,000	431,650,000	215,825,000	215,825,000
1906–1907.	88,130,000	440,650,000	220,325,000	220,325,000
1907–1908.	89,960,000	449,800,000	224,900,000	224,900,000
1908–1909.	91,820,000	459,100,000	229,550,000	229,550,000
1909–1910.	93,710,000	468,550,000	234,275,000	234,275,000
1910–1911.	95,630,000	478,150,000	239,075,000	239,075,000
Total ...	1,315,259,000	$6,576,295,000	$3,288,147,500	$3,288,147,500
Average.	82,203,687	$411,018,437	$205,509,218	$205,509,218

If the interest and pensions, after a slight present increase of interest in consequence of funding a part of the demand debt, should presently fall off on the average only eight million dollars ($8,000,000) a year during the period covered by the foregoing table—that reduction being a very moderate estimate—the sum of the revenue which has been assigned to interest and pensions would exceed their amount twelve hundred million dollars ($1200,000,000). If we assume that we may ultimately recover from the silver bullion which has cost over five hundred million dollars ($500,000,000), and which is now worth about sixty per cent. of its cost, only one-half, or two hundred and fifty millions ($250,000,000), applying that sum to the payment of a part of the demand debt which was incurred for the purchase of the bullion, then the above computed surplus of twelve hundred million dollars ($1200,000,000) in fifteen years will more than suffice to meet the remainder of the bonded and of the demand debt.

Under the efficient and safe administrations of Presidents Arthur and Cleveland, and the wise financial direction of the Treasury by Secretaries Folger, McCulloch, Manning, and Fairchild—these terms corresponding substantially to the fiscal years ending June 30, 1882 to 1889 inclusive—the cost of the government was only four dollars and fifty-eight cents ($4.58) per head. The revenue during the same period was six dollars and a half ($6.50) a head. It is only since the legislation of 1890 that the excessive expenditures and diminished revenue, coupled with the danger of the free coinage of silver, have brought about the temporary deficit, promoted panic, and inflicted paralysis upon the industry of the country. That panic, beginning in 1893, has exerted its malignant influence until a very recent time, when, by the courageous financial policy of President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle, supported by the cabinet, confidence was restored, and the integrity of the country was maintained, so that we are now entering upon a period of renewed prosperity. There was no reason for the disaster which has been brought upon us except the malignant influences which I have stated in this paragraph. The panic brought stagnation in the midst of abundance, and inflicted want in the midst of plenty. The cause of this disaster was in bad legislation, and is to be attributed wholly to the incapacity of Congress.

In the preceding table, at the rate of five dollars per head, the prospective revenue is set off in the second column. It will be remarked that the necessary expenditure for the cost of government, aside from interest and pensions, has long been established at two dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) per head. In the third column the cost of government is computed at this rate. In the fourth column the sum which will be available to meet the constantly diminishing burden of interest and pensions is set off by itself. No data can be obtained for computing the falling in of pensions, as the Pension Department is not empowered to employ an actuary—a strange omission in the public service.

It is manifest, however, that nearly one-half of the revenue in excess of $2.50 for cost of government in the next fifteen years will become a surplus, available for the reduction of debt or for the reduction of taxation.

In making this computation it is assumed that the people of this country have paid the bitter price of submission to the demands of the representatives of the mining camps of the West for the free coinage of silver. It is assured that the danger of confusion, panic, and loss has been surmounted. Silver monometallism is being crushed out. Our present monetary system will be sustained, in which every coin of silver, every dollar of national demand debt, and every other obligation of the country will be redeemed in true or sound money, namely, in coin made of gold or its equivalent. Coin made of gold is the only kind that meets the bimetallic test of true money, namely, the fire test. It is worth as much after it is melted into bullion as it purports to be worth in the coin. Every man wants the best kind of money that he can get. The best kind is the kind that will buy anything anywhere. There is but one kind of money that meets the test of the hammer—only one kind that is worth as much after it is hammered smooth as it is while the stamp of the government is visible. In modern society every man must trust his neighbor and be trusted by him, but no man can trust any one else if the money in which the trust is measured is not fit to be trusted. What kind of money can be trusted except sound money? Can any one trust money that is only worth fifty cents on a dollar when it is melted or hammered smooth? Can any man of common-sense let the silver-miners put cheap dollars on him that are worth only about fifty cents? If so, he will vote for the free coinage of silver at sixteen pounds of silver to one of gold, although he can buy thirty pounds or more of silver, if he wants it, for a pound of gold. That is the game which the silver-miners have played upon the country under the Bland and Sherman acts. They have put five hundred million ounces of silver upon the country, for which we are now in debt at the rate of within a fraction of a dollar an ounce. It is worth to-day about 67½ cents per ounce. The people have lost about two hundred million dollars ($200,000,000), which the owners of the silver mines have made. The proof of their profit is in the fact that since we stopped buying their silver they have improved their processes, and are now producing nearly as much silver at the present price as they did when they got a dollar an ounce for it at our expense. A large part of their profit they have wisely invested in mortgages payable in gold, in bank reserves held in gold, in property on which the rent is payable in gold, and under other safe conditions. Not satisfied with this, they are now misleading the public by flooding the country with false statements, taught in what is called a "Financial School." In the effort to raise the price of silver to a dollar and twenty-nine cents an ounce at the cost of the people of this country, they undertake to say that if the mints of the country are freely opened to the coinage of their silver under laws which will enable them to force silver dollars upon the public at the rate of one dollar and twenty-nine cents an ounce, the public will take so many of these dollars as to bring the price of silver, which now costs them less than sixty cents an ounce, up to one dollar and twenty-nine cents. If this absurd and ridiculous claim could be sustained, the silver dollars would cost the public as much as the dollars on the gold standard now do and be as hard to get. It would be an utter failure. The gold would be driven from circulation. Credits would be almost destroyed. The paralysis of industry would become again the same as in 1893. Prices would fall, and the only persons who would get any profit out of it would be the men who in this way have undertaken to plunder the whole community.

I have proved by these figures that we can pay all the taxes that the government needs at the rate of five dollars a head in gold; we can pay off the forced loan of five hundred million dollars which the silver-miners and their attorneys in the House and Senate have imposed upon us; we can make use of a large portion of the silver, as we do now, as a token currency, convertible into gold while of limited coinage. By continuing the rate of taxation at five dollars a head we can be out of debt in less than twenty years. We command all the gold that we want in exchange for our cotton, our corn, our coal, our copper, our oil, our iron, and for all the other products of our fields, forests, mines, and factories, which the world needs and must have.

The free silver men have once stopped our trade, paralyzed our industry, deprived our laborers of work, reduced our revenue, and have put almost all our prices below the cost of production by their attack upon the credit of the nation and their attempt to debase our coinage.

The only question now pending is whether or not they can fool the mass of the people once more in the same way, only worse.

Finally, let it be admitted that any one who ventures upon a forecast or estimate of the future expenditures of this government will do so, whether in official or private position, at the peril of an incapable Congress. In 1892, and at the beginning of 1893, there was not an adverse sign in the general condition of the people of this country or in the condition of business on which either an officer of the government or a private student could have based a forecast of the deficiency of revenue which subsequently occurred, except upon the peril to the standard or unit of value due to the constant increase of the silver coinage. Under the normal, and occasionally abnormal, conditions of the public service there have been, I think, very few instances within the last twenty years in which the estimate of the Secretaries of the Treasury of the income succeeding the year of their reports has not been less than the actual income. Except for the attack on the credit of the country by the advocates of the free coinage of silver there was absolutely no reason for the deficiency of revenue since June 30, 1893, which has given such conspicuous evidence of the distress of the people. That such a time was sure to come had long been evident, but no man could fix the date on which the community would be suddenly aroused to the sense of danger from which the panic arose.

Those who attribute a part of the uncertainty subsequent to the panic to the changes in the tariff have some slight justification. Tariff changes always have a temporary effect in checking trade. Yet no one could have anticipated the lack of cohesion, the long delay, and the final incapacity of a Congress controlled by a very large party majority to deal promptly and surely with that question. It may happen that the aggressive attack upon the credit of the country now being made by the advocates of the free coinage of silver may bring on another panic and a second industrial paralysis. This is not probable, but no one is justified in laying out the future revenue of the country without calling attention to the fact that this danger exists, and that the next Congress may be as incapable as the last. The only use in submitting such figures as are given in this treatise is to show what the condition of the country may be under normal conditions and under a firm and safe administration, provided the legislation of Congress is governed by regard to the welfare of the people, and is not perverted by private interests or mere partisan politics.

It has happened to fall to the writer to make certain forecasts, notably that of 1868 and several others since that date, on the prospective revenue and expenditures of the country. These have all been justified by the results, subject to the temporary fluctuations of commercial crises, down to the legislation of 1890. No forecast could be made by any one on the basis of the financial acts of that year, of which one purpose was to diminish revenue in two ways. First, by taking off wholly the most productive purely revenue tax then in force, and by increasing other rates of taxation for the purpose of diminishing the revenue; second, to increase the forced loan for the purchase of silver bullion. Neither could any forecast be made as to the results of taxation under the condition of things which brought the panic of 1893 into effect. A financial forecast must be based upon the assumption that the Congress in session possesses some at least of the elements of capacity for dealing with the question of financial legislation. The last Congress failed to meet even the lowest condition of imputed capacity, the dishonor being about evenly divided between the two parties. The present forecast is made upon the assumption that the next Congress will at least be less incapable than the last, and that the bitter lesson of disaster may lead to the application of common-sense to the finances of the country. If, then, the practices of economy which have marked the administration of President Arthur and of President Cleveland shall continue to be enforced, there can be little doubt that the revenue at five dollars per head will develop the surplus of twelve hundred million dollars ($1200,000,000) in the next fifteen years, which may be applied to the final payment of the debt of the United States.

In that event it will be remarked that the cost of the government, interest, and diminishing pensions will be four dollars per head. It is interesting to observe in this connection that even at five dollars per head our rate of national taxation is but a fraction over one-half as much as that imposed in Great Britain for the same national expenditures. It is, as far as I can ascertain, less than one-half the taxation of Germany for imperial purposes; but that comparison is rendered uncertain by the large element of expenditures of the kingdoms forming the empire, which are included in our national bill of cost. At five dollars per head our national taxation will be about one-third that of France. But here again the true burden upon France is rendered obscure by the constant deficit and the obligations of the government on the part of railway service. It is also about one-third the burden upon poor Italy. If we take out the one dollar per head which is to be applied to the final payment of the debt, and deal only with the ratio of the cost of our government to that of other governments, our position is correspondingly improved. But even this comparison does not show the true relative burden of national taxation.

If our cost of government shall be but four dollars for the next fifteen years it will come to less than two per cent. of our average product. The imperial taxation upon Great Britain on a much less product per capita must be at least treble our own in ratio to product, while that of France bears a yet greater proportion to production. That of Germany takes out from the product of a poor soil so much that there is barely enough to support a large proportion of the population, while it is alleged that the imperial taxation of Italy absorbs at least thirty per cent. of the product of the whole country. These are the machine-using nations with which we are about to enter into competition in supplying the great markets of the world with the products of the field, the forest, the mine, and the factory.

By so much as the burden of our taxes is less will our ability to compete be more, our wages higher, and our cost of production lower than those of these debt and army burdened nations, most of whom are still under the oppression of militarism, and still governed by a military caste.

FRANK MAYO AS PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

FRANCES GRAHAME AS ROWY.

FRANK MAYO AS PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

ODELL WILLIAMS AS SHERIFF BLAKE.

E. J. HENLEY AS TOM DRISCOLL, AND MARY SHAW AS ROXY.

FRANK MAYO AS PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

SOME OF THE CHARACTERS FROM "PUDD'NHEAD WILSON," PRODUCED AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

[See Page 594.]

AS BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED.

BY FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE.

I.

THE houses which constitute the town of Picotee—in the Gambia region a commendable liberality of spirit prevails as to the requisite elements of a town—were glistening beneath the intolerable rays of the afternoon sun. To the eyes of all aboard the mail steamer *Penguin*, which had just run up a Blue Peter in the anchorage, the town seemed of dazzling whiteness. It was only the inhabitants of Picotee who knew that the walls of the houses were not white, but of a sickly yellow tinge; consequently it was only the inhabitants who knew how inappropriate it was to allude to their town as the "whited sepulchre"—a term of reproach which was frequently levelled against it rather on account of the appalling percentage of the mortality among its inhabitants than by reason of the spotlessness of its walls, though they did appear spotless when viewed from the sea. In the saloon of the *Penguin* the thermometer registered 95 deg. (?) and when the passengers complained to the captain of the steamer respecting the temperature, holding him personally responsible for every degree that it rose above 70 deg., he pointed across the dazzling blue waters of the anchorage to where the town was painfully glistening, and asked his complainants how they would like to be there.

It was universally believed that when the captain had put this inquiry the last word had been said regarding the temperature; he, at any rate, seemed to believe that he had exonerated himself from all responsibility on the matter.

At Picotee things were going on pretty much as usual. But what is progress at Picotee would be regarded as stagnation elsewhere.

There was a fine suggestion of repose about the Kroomen who were dozing in unpicturesque attitudes in the shade of the palms on the ridge nearest to the beach; and even Mr. Caractacus Brown, who, being one of the merchants of the town—he sold parrots to the sailors, and would accept a contract for green monkeys from the more ambitious collectors of the fauna of the west coast—was not supposed to give way to such weaknesses as were exhibited by the Kroomen—even Mr. Caractacus Brown wiped his woolly head and admitted to his neighbor, Mr. Coriolanus White, that the day was warm. Having seen Coriolanus selling liquid lard by the spoonful, he could scarcely do otherwise than admit that the temperature was high. Devonshire cream was solid in comparison with the lard sold at Picotee.

But, in spite of the heat, a pepper-bird was warbling among the bananas, and its song broke the monotony of the roar of the great rollers that broke upon the beach—a roar that varies but that never ends in the ears of the people of Picotee.

Dr. Claude Koomadhi, who occupied a villa built on the lovely green slope above the town, opened the shutters of the room in which he sat and listened to the song of the pepper-bird. Upon his features, which seemed as if they were carved out of black oak and delicately polished, a sentimental expression appeared. His eyes showed a large proportion of white as he sighed and remarked to his servant, who brought him a glass of iced cocoanut milk, that the song of the pepper-bird reminded him of home.

"Of 'ome, sah?" said the old woman. "Lor' bress yah, sah, dere ain't no peppah-buds at Ashantee."

Dr. Koomadhi's eyes no longer wore a sentimental expression. They flashed when the old woman had spoken, but she did not notice this circumstance. She only laid down the tumbler on the table, hitched up her crimson shawl, and roared with negro laughter.

"You don't understand, Sally. I said home—England," remarked the doctor.

"Oh, beg parding, sah; thought yah 'looded to Ashantee," said the old woman as she rolled, still uttering that senseless laugh of hers, out of the room.

Dr. Koomadhi did not seem to be greatly put out by that reminder of the fact that Ashantee was his birthplace. He threw himself back in his cane chair and took a sip from the tumbler. He then resumed his perusal of the *Saturday Review* brought by the *Penguin* in the morning.

He did not get through many pages. He shook his head gravely. He could not approve of the tone of the political article. It suggested compromise. It was not Conservative enough for Dr. Koomadhi. He began to fear that he must give up the *Saturday*. It was clearly temporizing with the enemy. This would not do for Dr. Koomadhi.

He took another sip of cocoanut milk, and then began pacing the room. He was clearly restless in his mind; but perhaps it would be going too far to suggest that he was perturbed owing to the spirit of compromise displayed in the political article which he had just read. No, though a stanch Conservative, he was still susceptible of a passion beyond the patriotic desire to assist in maintaining the integrity of the empire. This was the origin of his uneasiness. He had been awake all the previous night, thinking over his past life and trying to think out his future. The conclusion to which he had come was that as he had successfully overthrown all the obstacles which had been in his path to success in the past, there was no reason why he might not overthrow all that might threaten to bar his progress in the future. But in spite of having come to this conclusion he was very uneasy.

He did not become more settled when he had gone to a drawer in his writing-desk and had taken out a cabinet portrait—the portrait of a lady—and had gazed at it for several minutes. He laid it back with something like a sigh, and then brought out of the same receptacle a quantity of manuscript, every page of which consisted of a number of lines, irregular as to their length, but each one beginning with a capital letter. This is the least compromising way of referring to such manuscripts. To say that they were poetry would, perhaps, be to place a fictitious value upon them; but they certainly had one feature in common with the noblest poems ever written in English—every line began with a capital letter.

Dr. Koomadhi's lips—they constituted not the least prominent of his features—moved as he read to himself the lines which he had written during the past three months—since his return to Picotee with authority to spend some thousands of pounds in carrying out certain experiments, the result of which would, it was generally hoped, transform the region of the Gambia into one of the healthiest of her Majesty's possessions. Then he sighed again and laid the manuscripts over the photograph, closing and locking the drawer of the desk.

He walked fitfully up and down the room for another hour. Then he opened his shutters, and the first breath of the evening breeze from the sea came upon his face.

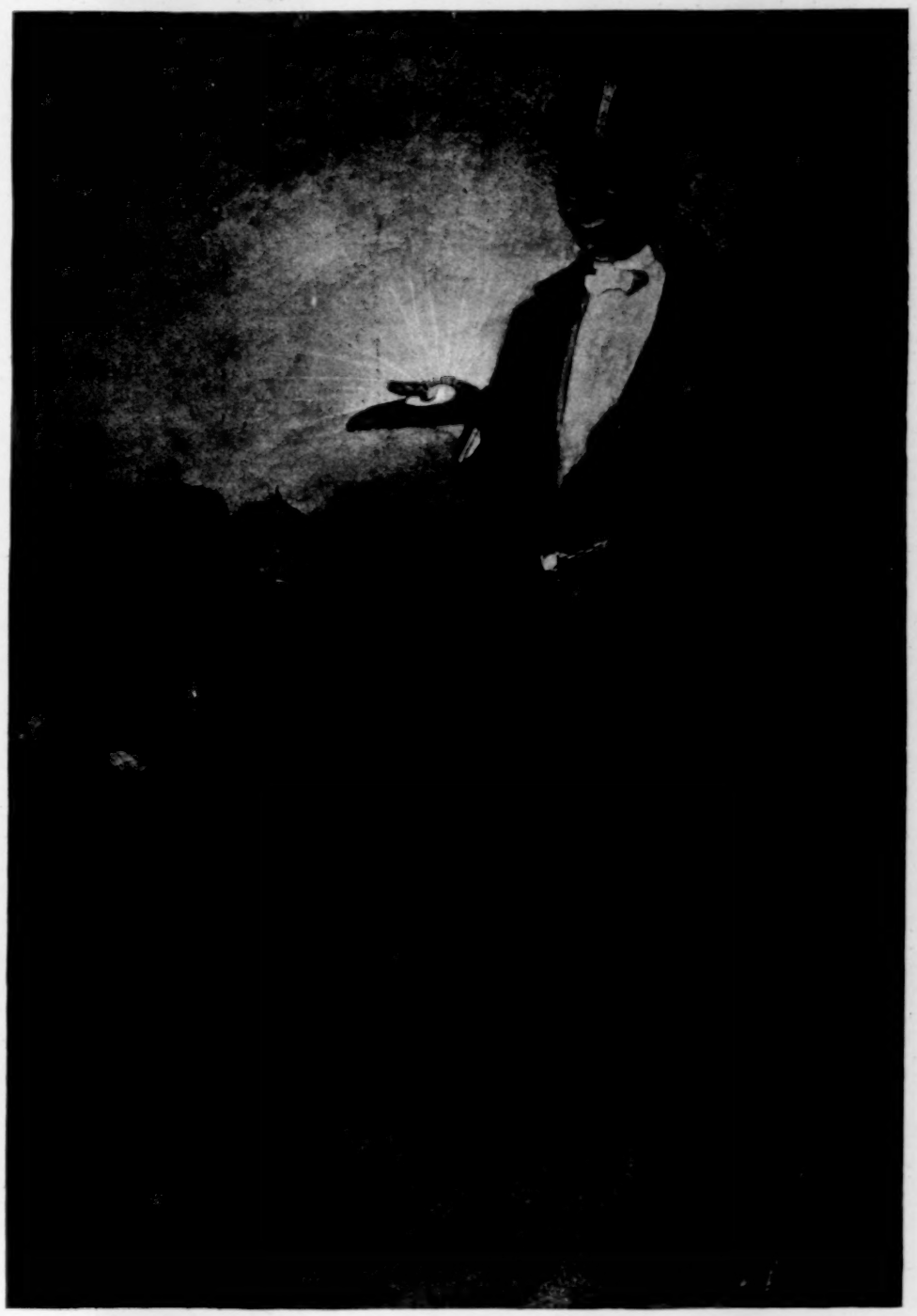
"I'll do it," he said, resolutely. "Why should I not do it? Surely that old ridiculous prejudice is worn out. Surely she, at least, will be superior to such prejudice. Yes, she must—she must. I have succeeded hitherto in everything that I have attempted, and shall I fail in this?"

The roar of the rollers along the beach filled the room, at the open window of which Dr. Koomadhi remained standing for several minutes.

II.

Dr. Koomadhi belonged to a race who are intolerant of any middle course so far as dress is concerned. They are either very much dressed or very much undressed. But he had lived long enough in England to have chastened whatever yearning he may have had for running in either extreme. Only now and again—usually when in football costume—he had felt a strange longing to forswear the more cumbersome tweeds of daily life. This longing, combined with the circumstances of his being extremely fond of football, might be accepted as evidence that the traditions of the savages from whom he had sprung survived in his nature, just as they do in the youth of Great Britain, only he had not to go so far back as the most of the youth of Great Britain to reach the fountain-head.

The evening attire which he now resumed was wholly white—from his pith helmet down to the canvas shoes, he was in white, with the exception of his tie, which was black. He looked at himself in a glass when at the point of leaving his house, and he felt satisfied with his appearance; only he should have dearly liked to exchange his black tie for one of scarlet. He could not understand how it was that he had never passed a draper's window in London without staring with envious eyes at the crimson scarfs displayed for sale. No one could know what heroic sacrifices he made in rejecting all such allurements. No one could know what he suffered while crushing down that uncivilized longing for a brilliant color.



Just before leaving the house he went to his desk and brought out of one of the drawers a small ivory box. He unlocked it and stood for some time with his face down to the thing that the box contained—a curiously speckled stone, somewhat resembling a human ear. While keeping his head down to this thing his lips were moving. He was clearly murmuring some phrases in a strange language into that curiously shaped stone.

Relocking the ivory box, he returned it to the drawer, which he also locked. Then he left his house and took a path leading to a well-built villa standing in front of a banana jungle, and with a tall flag-pole before its hall door—a flag pole from which the union-jack fluttered, indicating to all casual visitors that this was the official residence of her Majesty's Commissioner to the Gambia, Commander Hope, R.N.

"Hallo, Koomadhi!" came a voice from the open window to the right of the door. "Pardon me for five minutes. I'm engaged at my correspondence to go to England by the *Penguin* this evening. But don't mind me. Go through to the drawing-room, and my daughter will give you a cup of tea."

"All right, sir," said Dr. Koomadhi. "Don't hurry on my account. I was merely calling to mention that I had forwarded my report early in the day; but I'll wait inside."

"All right," came the voice from the window. "I'm at the last folios."

Dr. Koomadhi was in the act of entering the porch, when his pith helmet was snatched off by some unseen hand, and a curious shrick sounded on the balcony above the porch.

"The ruffian!" said Koomadhi, with a laugh. "The ruffian! he's at his tricks again."

He took a few steps back and looked up to the balcony. There sat an immense tame baboon, wearing the helmet and screeching with merriment.

"I'll have to give you another lesson, my gentleman," said the doctor, shaking his finger at the creature. "Hand me down that helmet at once."

The baboon made a grimace and then raised his right hand to the salute—his favorite trick.

Suddenly the doctor produced a sound with his lips, and in an instant the monkey had dropped the helmet and had fled in alarm from the balcony to the roof of the house, whence he gazed in every direction, while the doctor went into the house with his helmet in his hand. He had merely given the simian word of alarm, which the creature, understanding its mother-tongue, had promptly acted upon.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent—you know the rest, sir," remarked Mr. Letts, the Commissioner's secretary, who had observed from his window the whole transaction.

"What was that, Letts?" asked the Commissioner.

"Koomadhi spoke to the baboon in its own tongue, sir, and it took the hint of a man and a brother and cleared off."

"Yes, but where does the shattering of the vase come in?" asked the Commissioner.

"I meant to suggest that a nigger remains a nigger, and remains on speaking terms with a baboon, even though he has a college degree and wears tweeds," said Mr. Letts.

"Oh!" said the Commissioner.

He had heard the same opinion expressed by various members of his staff ever since he had anything to do with the administration of affairs on the west coast. He had long ago ceased to take even the smallest amount of interest in the question of the exact depth of a negro's veneer of civilization.

III.

But while Mr. Letts was quoting Thomas Moore's line to the Commissioner, Dr. Koomadhi was accepting, with a certain amount of dignity, the greeting which was extended to him by Miss Hope, the Commissioner's daughter, in the drawing-room. She had been trying over some songs which had just arrived from England. Two of them were of a high color of sentimentalism; another belonged to that form of poetic composition known as a nigger song. It had a banjo obbligato; but the pianoforte accompaniment of itself gave more than a suggestion of the twanging of strings and the banging of a tambourine. Had Dr. Koomadhi arrived a few minutes sooner it would have been his privilege to hear Gertrude Hope chant the chorus:

"Don't you belieb 'un, Massa John,
Jes winkee mid yo' eye,
Kick up yo' heels to de gasalier,
Say, how am dat for high?"

But Gertrude had, after singing the melody, pushed the copy under a pile of music, and had risen from the piano to receive her visitor, at the same time ringing for tea.

He apologized for interrupting her at the piano.

"If I had only known that you were singing, I should certainly have—well, not exactly staid away; no, I should have come sooner, and remained a worshipper in the outer court."

"Oh, I wasn't singing—not regularly singing," said she, with a laugh. "Trying over stupid songs about lovers' partings is not singing, Dr. Koomadhi."

"Lovers' partings?" said he. "They seem particularly well adapted to lyrical treatment."

"The songs, at any rate, are heart-breaking," said she.

"They represent the most acute stage of the lovers' feelings, then," said he.

"I dare say. I suppose there are degrees of feeling even of lovers."

"I'm sure of it, Miss Hope."

He was seated in a wicker chair; she had thrown herself into another—a seat that gave her the appearance of lying in a hammock. He scanned her from her white forehead down to the dainty feet that crossed one another on the sloping support of cane-work. She would have been looked on as a very pretty girl in a London drawing-room; and even a girl who would be regarded as commonplace there would pass as a marvel of loveliness on the west coast of Africa.

"Yes," continued Dr. Koomadhi, "I'm sure there are degrees of feeling even among lovers."

"You are a doctor, and so doubtless have had many opportunities of diagnosing the disease in all its stages," said she.

"Yes, I am a doctor," said he. "I am also a man. I have felt. I feel."

She gave another laugh. "A complete conjugation of the verb," said she. "Past and present tenses. How about the future?"

There was only a little pause before he said: "The future is in your hands, Miss Hope. I have come here to-day to tell you that I have never loved any one in all my life but you, and to ask you if you will marry me."

There was now a long pause—so long that he became hopeful of her answer. Then he saw the blank look that was upon her face change—he saw the flush that came over her white face when she had had time to realize the import of his words.

She started up, and at the same instant the baboon came in front of the window and raised his right hand to the salute.

"You are mad—mad!" she said, in a whisper that had something fierce about it. Then she lay back in the chair, with a laugh. "*I* marry *you!* I should as soon marry—"

She had pointed to the baboon before she had checked herself.

"You would as soon marry the baboon as me?" said he, in a low and labored voice.

"I did not say that, although, Dr. Koomadhi, what you have told me has given me a shock—such a shock as I have never had before. I am not myself—if I said anything hurtful to you I know that you will attribute it to the shock—I ask your pardon—sincerely—humbly. I never thought it possible that you—you—oh, you must have been mad! You—"

"Give me a cup of tea, my dearest, if you don't want to see me perish before your eyes."

The words came from outside a window behind Dr. Koomadhi, and in another second a man had entered from the veranda, and had given a low whistle on perceiving that Miss Hope had a visitor.

"Come along," said Miss Hope, when she had drawn a deep breath. "Come along and be introduced to Dr. Koomadhi. You have often heard of Dr. Koomadhi, I'm sure, Dick. Dr. Koomadhi, this is Major Linton."

"How do you do?" said the stranger, giving his hand to the doctor. "I'm glad to meet you. I've heard a lot about you, and how clever you are."

"You flatter me," said Dr. Koomadhi, shaking hands with the new-comer. "I must now rush away, Miss Hope," he added. "I only called to tell your father that I had forwarded some reports by the *Penguin*."

"Jolly old tub, the *Penguin*. Glad I've seen the last of her," said Major Linton.

"Major Linton arrived by the *Penguin* this morning," said Gertrude. "Must you really go away, Dr. Koomadhi?"

"Not even the prospect of a cup of your tea would make me swerve from the path of duty, Miss Hope," said the doctor, with a smile so chastened as to be deprived of all its Ethiopian character.

He shook hands gracefully with her and Major Linton, and passed out by the veranda, the baboon standing to one side and solemnly saluting. The Major was the only one who laughed, and his laugh was a roar.

IV.

Dr. Koomadhi found waiting for him at his house his old friend Mr. Ross, the surgeon of the *Penguin*. He had been unable to leave the steamer earlier in the day, and he had only an hour to spend ashore. No, he did not think that anything was the matter with a bottle of champagne, provided that it was large enough and dry enough, and that it had been plunged into ice—not ice plunged into it.

These essentials being guaranteed by Dr. Koomadhi, Mr. Ross's hour passed—as he thought—pleasantly enough. The two men sat together on cane chairs on the balcony facing the sea. It is at such a time, and under such conditions, that existence on the Gambia becomes not merely endurable, but absolutely delightful.

Mr. Ross made a remark to this effect, and expressed the opinion that his friend was in luck.

"In luck? Oh yes. I'm the luckiest fellow in the world," responded Koomadhi, grimly. "I've everything that heart can wish for."

"Yes; you're well paid, you don't mind the climate, and you're honored and respected by the whole community," said Ross.

"Of course—honored and respected—that's the strong point of the situation," said Koomadhi.

"The only drawback seems to me to be the rather narrow limits of the society. Still, the Commissioner is a decent enough sort of old boy, and Letts has a good deal to recommend him. By-the-way, you'll not be so badly off in this matter during the next six months as you have been. We brought out a chap named Linton—a chap that any one could get on with. He's just chucked the service, and is going to marry Miss Hope."

"I have just met him at the Hopes'," said Koomadhi, filling up with a steady hand the glass of his guest. "And so he's going to marry Miss Hope, is he?"

"Yes; he confided a lot in me—mostly on the bridge toward the hour of midnight. The young woman has been engaged to him for a year past. They met just before the Commissioner got his berth, but the daughter being a good daughter, and with a larger sense of duty than is possessed by most girls, swore—in her own way, of course—that nothing should tempt her to desert her father for at least a year. Much to Linton's disgust, as you can understand, she came out here, telling him that if he still was anxious to marry her he might follow her at the end of a year. Well, as he retained his fancy, he came out with us, and I believe you'll be in a position to add an official wedding to your other experiences, Koomadhi."

"That's something to look forward to," said Koomadhi. "But how will that incident improve society in this neighborhood? I suppose Linton and his wife will get off to England as soon as possible?"

"Not they. Although they are to get married at once, they are to remain here for six or seven months—until, in fact, the Commissioner gets his leave, and then they all mean to go home together. Linton has a trifle of six thousand a year and a free house in Yorkshire, so Miss Hope is in luck—so, for that matter, is Linton. She's a fine young woman, I believe. I only met her once."

"I'm not so certain about her constitution," said Koomadhi. "Her lungs are, I believe, all right, but her circulation is defective, and she suffers from headaches just when she should be at her best."

"Oh, hang it all, a girl's a girl for a' that!" cried Ross. "Your circulation's defective, Koomadhi, if you're capable only of judging a girl by the stethoscope. You're too much absorbed in your profession, that's what's the matter with you."

"I dare say you are right," Koomadhi admitted, after a pause of a few seconds.

In the course of the next half-hour several other topics besides the matrimonial prospects of Major Linton and the constitutional shortcomings of Miss Hope were discussed on the veranda, until at length the sound of the steam-whistle of the *Penguin* was borne shorewards by the breeze.

"That's a message to me," said Ross, starting up. "Come down to the shore and see the last of me, for three months, at any rate."

Dr. Koomadhi put on his helmet and saw his friend safely through the surf on his way to where the steamer was swinging at her anchor. The sun had set before he returned to his house to dinner, and before he had risen from the table a message came to him that one of the officers of the Houssas was anxious to see him, being threatened with an attack of fever. The great stars were burning overhead before he returned from the barrack of the Houssas and was able to throw off his coat and lie back in his chair in his own sitting-room.

He had a good deal to think about before going to his bedroom, and he seemed to find the darkness congenial to his thoughts. In fact, the negro acknowledged a sort of brotherhood in the night, and he remained some hours in that fraternal darkness. It was just midnight, when he went, with only a small amount of groping, to his desk, and took out of its drawer the ivory box containing the ear-shaped stone into whose orifice he had spoken some words before leaving for the Commissioner's house in the afternoon. He unlocked the box and removed the stone. He left the house, taking it with him, and strolled once more to the house which he had visited in the afternoon.

Lights were in the windows of the Residence, and certain musical sounds were coming from the room where he had been. With the twanging of the banjo there came the sound of a light bass voice of no particular *timbre*, chanting the words of the latest English melody:

"Don't you belieb 'un, Massa John,
Jes winkee mid yo' eye,
Kick up yo' heels to de gasalier,
Say, how am dat for high?"

Dr. Koomadhi listened while three stanzas of the doggerel were being sung by Major Linton, then he raised the ear-shaped stone that was in the hollow of his hand and whispered some words into it, as he had done in the afternoon. In a second the song stopped, although the singer was in the middle of a stanza.

"Confound it all!" cried Major Linton—Koomadhi heard his voice distinctly—"one of my strings is broken. I suppose it was the sudden change of atmosphere that made it give way. It's a good bit drier here than aboard the *Penguin*."

"The concert is over for to-night," came the voice of the Commissioner. "It's about time for all of us to be in our beds."

"That's my notion too," said Letts. "Those who object can have their money returned at the doors."

"It was strange—that breaking of the string without warning," Dr. Koomadhi heard Gertrude say.

He smiled.

It was only at midnight, in the open air, and when he was alone, that he allowed himself the luxury of an unbridled smile. He knew the weaknesses of his race.

He put the stone into the pocket of his coat and returned to his house.

V.

The marriage of Major Linton to Miss Hope took place in a week. Of course the ceremony was performed by the Lord Bishop of Bonny, who was also Metropolitan of the Gambia and Senegal. The gunboat that was at the anchorage displayed every available rag of bunting, and the lieutenant who commanded her said he would gladly have fired a salute in honor of the event, only for the fact that the Admiralty made him accountable for every ounce of powder that he burned, and, in addition, for the wear and tear on every gun. The guns didn't bear much tampering with, and there was nothing so bad for them as firing them; it wore them out, the Admiralty stated, and the practice must be put a stop to.

But if there was no official burning of powder to mark the happy event, there was a great deal of it that was unofficial and wholly irregular. Dr. Koomadhi spent several hours of the afternoon amputating fingers of Krooboys that had been mutilated through an imperfect acquaintance on the part of the native populace with the properties of gunpowder when ignited. An eye or two were reported to be missing, and in the cool of the evening the doctor had brought to him by a conscientious townsman a human ear for which no owner could be found.

The happy pair went to the Canary Islands for their honey-moon, and returned radiant at the end of six weeks; and the Commissioner's *ménage*, which had suffered materially through the absence of the Commissioner's daughter, was restored in all its former perfection. Every night varied strains of melody floated to the ears of such persons as were in the neighborhood of the Residence; and it was a fact that Major Linton's banjo never twanged without attracting an audience of from ten to five hundred of the negro population of Picotee. The pathway was every night paved with negroes, who listened, shoulder to shoulder and knee-cap to knee-cap—they sat upon their haunches—to the fascinating songs. They felt that if the Commissioner had only introduced a tomtom obbligato to the tomtom melodies the artistic charm of the performance would be complete.

The native evangelist, who had contrived to fill a schoolhouse with young Christians by the aid of a harmonium—a wheezy, asthmatic instrument, which, in spite of a long lifetime spent in the west coast, had never become fully acclimatized—felt that his success was seriously jeopardized by the Major's secular melodies. When the flock were privileged to hear such fascinating music unconditionally, he knew that it was unreasonable to expect them to be regular in their attendance in the schoolhouse, where the harmonium wheezed only after certain religious services had been attended to.

He wondered if the Bishop might be approached on the subject of introducing the banjo into the school-house

services. He believed that with such auxiliaries as the banjo, and perhaps—but this was optional—the bones, a large evangelistic work might be done in the outlying districts of Picotee.

Dr. Koomadhi had always been a frequent visitor at the Residence, but for some time after the marriage of the Commissioner's daughter he was not quite so often to be found in the drawing-room of an evening. Gradually, however, he increased the number of his weekly visits. He was the only person in the neighborhood who could (occasionally) beat Major Linton at billiards, and this fact helped in a large measure to overcome the prejudice which Major Linton frankly admitted (to his wife) he entertained against the native races of West Africa.

"Dr. Koomadhi is a gentleman and a Christian," Mrs. Linton remarked one day when Mr. Letts, the secretary, had challenged discussion upon his favorite topic, namely, the thickness of the veneer of civilization upon the most civilized savage.

"A negro gentleman, I admit," said Letts.

"A man who plays so straight a game of billiards can't be far wrong," remarked Major Linton.

"I have reasons—the best of reasons—for knowing that Dr. Koomadhi is a forgiving Christian gentleman," said Gertrude. "Yes, he shall always be my friend."

She had not forgiven herself for that terrible half-spoken sentence, "I would as soon marry—"

She had not forgiven herself for having glanced at the baboon as she checked the words that sprang from her involuntarily.

But Dr. Koomadhi was showing day by day that he had forgiven them. And she felt that he was worthy to be regarded by all men as a gentleman and a Christian.

Three months after the marriage of Major Linton and Gertrude Hope, Dr. Koomadhi found it necessary to carry his investigations regarding the microbe of malaria some distance into the interior of the continent, and for ten days Major Linton remained unbeaten at billiards.

VI.

Moonlight was flooding the forest beyond the native village of Moumbossa on the Upper Gambia, but where Dr. Koomadhi was walking no moonbeam penetrated. The branches formed a dense arch above him, like a railway tunnel. Only in the far distance a gleam of light could be seen.

At times the deep silence of the night was broken by the many sounds of the tropical jungle. Every sound was familiar to Dr. Koomadhi, and he laughed joyously as one laughs on recognizing the voice of a friend. The wild shriek of a monkey, pounced upon by some other creature, the horrible laugh of a hyena, the yell of a lory, and then a deep silence. He felt at home in the midst of that forest, though when he spoke of home within the hearing of civilized people he meant to be understood as referring to England.

When he emerged from the brake he found himself gazing at a solitary beehive hut in the centre of a great cleared space. A quarter of a mile away the moonlight showed him the village of Moumbossa, with its lines of palms and plantains.

He walked up to the hut without removing his rifle from his shoulder, and stood for some moments at the entrance. Then he heard a voice saying to him, in the tongue of the Ashantees,

"Enter, my son, and let thy mother see if thy face is changed."

"I cannot enter, mother," he replied, in the same language. "But I have come far and in peril to talk with you. We must talk together in the moonlight."

He retained among his other memories a vivid recollection of the interior of a native hut. He could not bring himself to face the ordeal of entering the one before him.

"I will soon be beside you," came the voice; and in a few moments there crawled out from the entering-place a half-naked old negress of great stature, and with only the smallest perceptible stoop. She walked round Dr. Koomadhi, and then looked into his face with a laugh.

"Yes," she said, "it is indeed you, my son, and I see that you need my services."

"You are right, mother," said he. "I wondered if you still retained your old powers. That is why I stood for some minutes outside the hut. I said, 'If my mother has still her messengers in the air and in the earth, they will tell her that her son has come to her once more.'"

"You should not have doubted," she said. "Do you fancy that such powers as have come to me by the possession of the Sacred Ear and Mouth can decay by reason of age or the weight of years?"

"If that had been my belief, should I have come to you this day?" he asked. "I have need of all your powers. I have need of all the powers of the Sacred Mouth."

"You shall have all that I can command. Are you not my son?" said the old woman. "But has the Sacred Ear ever failed you?"

"Never, mother," said Dr. Koomadhi. "You told me what it could do, and it never failed me within its limits. But I must have the more powerful charm of the Sacred Mouth. My need is extreme."

"It must be extreme, and I will not deny it to you," said his mother. "You know what it can do. No man or woman can withstand it. If any offspring of woman should hold that Sacred Mouth to his ear, or her ear, as the case may be, the words which you whisper into the Sacred Ear will seem the truth, whatever those words may be. You know that?"

"I know it. I have seen the mystery at work. I must have command over it until the return of the moon."

"And thou shalt have control of it, whether for good or evil. It told me that thou wert nigh to-night, so that thou must have the Ear charm in thy possession even now."

"It is here, mother, in this pocket. I have shown it to no mortal whose color is not as our color, whose hair is not as our hair."

"The white men laugh at all magic such as ours, I have heard."

"Yes, they laugh at it. But some of them practise a form of it themselves. I have seen one practise it in a great room in England. Without the aid of a mystic stone, he told sober men that they were drunk, and they acted as drunk men; he told rough fellows that they were priests, and they preached sermons as long and as stupid as any that we have heard missionaries preach."

"And yet they say that our magic is a thing accursed."

"Yes; that is the way with the white men. When they have said their word 'damn' on any matter, they believe that the last word has been said upon it, and all that other men may say they laugh at."

"They are fools, my son; and thou art a fool to dwell among them."

"They are wise men up to a certain point. They are only fools on the subject of names. They say that magic is accursed; but they say that hypnotism is science, and science is the only thing in which they believe. Enough about them. Let me have the mystery, and then let me have a cake that has been baked in the earth with the leaves of the betel."

"Thou shalt have both, my son, before the morning light. Enter my hut, and I will dream that thou art a child again."

But that was just where Dr. Koomadhi drew the line. He would not crawl into the hut even to make his venerable mother fancy that his youth was renewed like the eagles'.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HON. JUDSON HARMON,
Attorney-General of the United States.
From a Photograph by E. A. Howland, Cincinnati.

THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

JUDSON HARMON is an Ohioan of the Ohioans. He was born in Anderson township, Hamilton County, Ohio, February 3, 1846, and educated in the public schools; he took his degree at Denison University in 1866, and was graduated from the Cincinnati Law School and admitted to the bar in 1869.

While always keenly interested in politics, he has never been known as a politician, nor as a holder of political offices, except a brief term on the Common Pleas bench, to which he was declared elected in 1876, but afterwards unseated on a contest of the election, and a term of nine years on the Superior bench, from 1878 to 1887.

He resigned to enter, as senior partner, the firm of Harmon, Colston, Goldsmith, & Hoadly, which connection he still retains.

He made an excellent record on the bench, being prompt and accurate in interlocutory decisions, and especially luminous in his charges, in which he had the faculty of so clearly analyzing evidence and explaining its relevancy or irrelevancy that he would generally secure the right results without in any way trespassing upon the proper domain of the jury. His opinions were able, and are as often quoted, perhaps, as any delivered from that bench.

Judge Harmon's professional and home interests have centred so closely about his own county and city that his name is less widely known than many another even among his own associates at the bar. Yet the appointment is likely to prove one of the strongest and most satisfactory the President has made.

The new Attorney-General is wholly free from Jingoism, but he will be a strong upholder of a national policy abroad and at home—fully as strong in this latter point as his predecessor. He is sound on Federal questions, which he regards from much the stand-point of the Hamilton school of statesmanship, unimpeachable on currency, an advocate of tariff reform, but strong and reasonable in all.

He is a man of deep convictions, and of abundant courage to enforce them; an excellent counsellor, having the power of rapid and intense concentration on the point at issue, and of thorough and accurate analysis. Above all, he has ready adaptation, and a courteous and agreeable manner; the angularity of his underlying convictions is most agreeably softened by his external deportment toward those with whom he comes in contact.

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."

WHY did I make a drama of Mark Twain's story of "Pudd'nhead Wilson"?

Ah! that question unlocks the doors of memory and awakens a thousand recollections. I am back in the early sixties, in that great mining-camp of Virginia City, in the "Comstock days."

At that time I was the "leading" man of Maguire's Opera-house of San Francisco, the stock company of which embraced the names of Julia Dean Hayne, Agnes Booth, Charles Thorne, Louis Aldrich, and J. B. Booth. This company was sent up to Virginia City to open the new opera-house which had just been built there.

Here I first made the acquaintance of Samuel L. Clemens, who was then beginning to earn fame for his *nom de guerre* of Mark Twain as a writer on the staff of the *Territorial Enterprise*, of which Joseph T. Goodman was the editor.

It was through Goodman, between whom and Twain there existed a deep and sincere affection, and which since that time it has been my fortune to share, that I met Twain. This meeting was epoch-making in my life and professional career. I was then twenty-four years old, the impressionable time of life, when friendships are founded which endure. Ah! that country was young, too, and beginning. Think of it: John Mackay, a miner, earning his living with pick and shovel; Flood & O'Brien, keepers of a second class bar-room in Frisco, where the best drinks could be got for a "bit," the smallest coin in use; Sharon, a teller in a bank; James G. Fair, a lawyer of few briefs; "Lucky" Baldwin, the owner of a livery-stable; Francis Bret Harte, a writer on a weekly paper! At Sacramento, the great railroad group of Huntington, Crocker, Stanford, and Hopkins were then dealing in hardware, provisions, and other commodities, and not even dreaming of across-continent rails. The events in the lives of these men in their rise to wealth, fame, and power form a greater drama than was ever written.

It was in these days that my friendship for Mark Twain was founded—a friendship which has not faltered until this time. And as well for "Joe" Goodman. And so closely were these two men associated that I have never been able to think of one without the presence of the other.

Ten years later I produced *Davy Crockett* in the East, and all that is sweet, wholesome, and lovable—the happy, frank, open nature in the title rôle—is based on my conception of the nature and character of Joe Goodman; and all that is quaint and humorous was taken from that other friend of the trio, Mark Twain. And during all the years of my playing *Davy Crockett* there was not a night that these men were not present with me.

A strong desire had always possessed me to play something written by Mark Twain. On a cold drizzly day in February, 1894, late in the afternoon, I was making my way toward the Players Club, when I saw, crossing toward me on Fourth Avenue, the familiar face of Mark Twain. Greeting him, I said, "Step into this doorway, Sam."

Looking up at the face of the house, the doorway of which I had indicated, with his inimitable drawl Twain replied: "Frank, hav'n't you made a mistake? They don't sell it in here!"

"I sha'n't detain you long, Sam, for you must be going somewhere, since you are out in this weather," I said. "I want to take one of your stories and write a play around it."

"Which one?" he asked.

"What is the matter with 'Pudd'nhead Wilson'?" I asked in turn, and then added, "I have read two numbers."

"Well," said Sam, "go ahead. I am going to a supper, and must hurry away. But you can have 'Pudd'nhead.'"

"But about the terms?" I asked.

"Oh, we'll settle that later. Come down to the club any time between eleven and midnight, and we'll talk it over." He moved away, and turned to say, "You write the play, Frank—write anything you like; you needn't submit it. I know it'll be good. I'll arrange that you shall have the advance sheets."

In a moment more he was lost in the mist, and that is all that was said between us on the subject.

Very shortly after this conversation I began the labor of turning his story into a play. Just when the character of Pudd'nhead Wilson and Mark Twain became to me one and inseparable I cannot now tell. Perhaps it was on the first reading, but now as I look upon it I doubt if there ever was a moment in my mind when they were two separate individuals. And in it—I mean the writing—I lost my own identity, and seemed to become the hand and instrument of Mark Twain.

The result is before the world, and New York has passed its judgment upon it. This is how and why I dramatized "Pudd'nhead Wilson." FRANK MAYO.

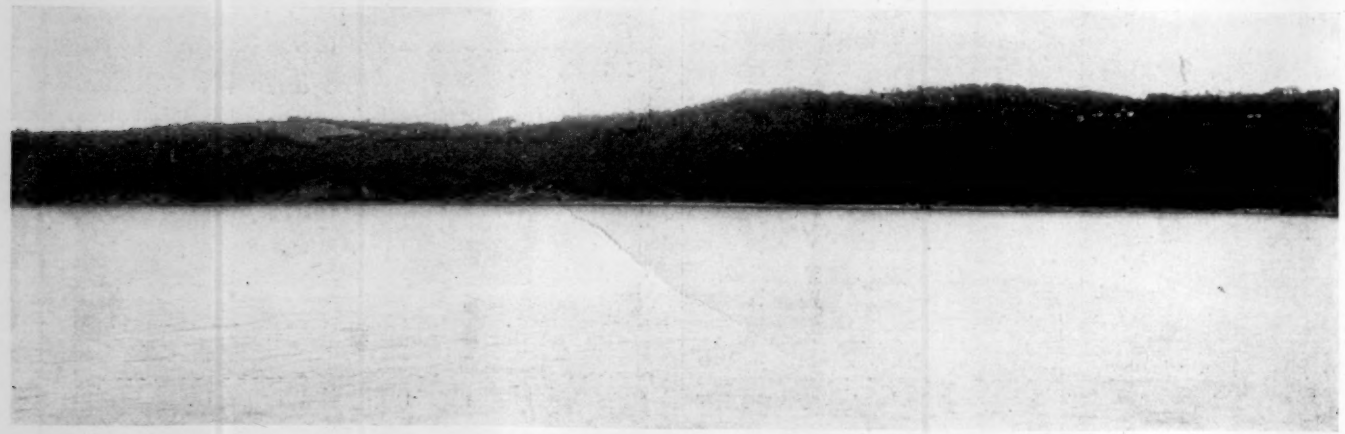
PENNSYLVANIA CREW IN THEIR BOAT.

COLUMBIA CREW BRINGING OUT THEIR SHELL.

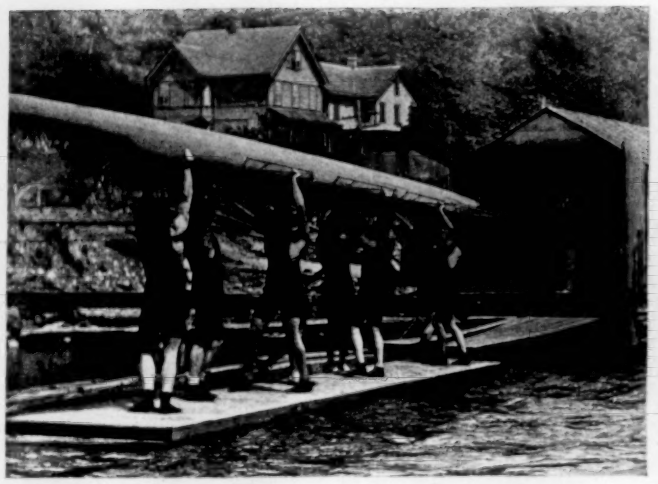
AMATEUR SPORT

IN a measure the triangular race this year between Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Columbia on the 21st is far more important than would seem at first sight. It naturally excites a reasonable amount of interest as a race, but from the amateur sportsman's point of view it will be watched with particular interest, and its results will be estimated with great care; for if there is general success reported from the course and from the accommodation, there is a strong probability that all amateur eights in Eastern United States may row there in the future instead of at New London or elsewhere. No one has ever been completely satisfied with the New London course. For one reason, the eel-grass has always been an objection, and made one course doubtful in each race. For another reason, and a much more important one, the course, while it is itself straightaway from start to finish, crosses the current of the river, or rather of the tides, and constantly sets the boats in one eddy or another all the way down to the finish, making cockswains' work extremely difficult.

Finish.



THE POUGHKEEPSIE COURSE, LOOKING SOUTHWEST TO THE FINISH FROM BELOW THE BRIDGE.



PENNSYLVANIA BOAT-HOUSE. CREW BRINGING OUT THEIR SHELL.

THE COLUMBIA CREW.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.

This sometimes makes the difference of winning or losing the race by its uncertain and not completely understood irregularities. Harvard and Yale, which are now the only crews left on the Thames, finish out their ten years' agreement this month, and any one can see that if in this last year of the Harvard-Yale agreement the Poughkeepsie course on the Hudson proves to be quite suitable for eights, there will be a good chance of seeing the next Harvard-Yale race (when there is one) arranged for the Hudson River course. While the race on the 21st is therefore of great interest, there is an added interest attaching to its results which is more closely connected with the Poughkeepsie course than the result of this triangular race.

A proposal by a committee of Poughkeepsie gentlemen was made to Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania three years ago to have the race at Poughkeepsie, but Columbia decided not to put a crew in the water, and the arrangements fell through for that reason. This year, when the discussion between Cornell and Pennsylvania be-

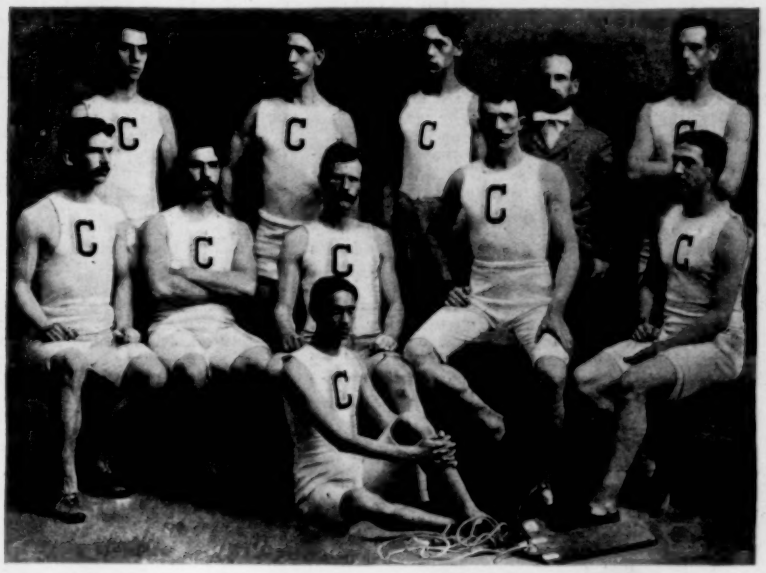
QUARTERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CREW.

CORNELL'S BOAT-HOUSE.

gan as to where they should row, and what was to be the standing of the Henley and "domestic" Cornell crews, the triangular race again came up, and the Columbia men, through Guy Richards, used their influence towards a Hudson River course. Pennsylvania naturally considered the Delaware better, but Cornell siding with Columbia brought the matter to an issue, and an examination of the possible four-mile courses on the Hudson was undertaken by a committee of rowing-men. These courses were soon sifted down to at most three—one at Nyack, one at Newburg, and one at Poughkeepsie. And after a careful estimate of what the triangular race required of water, wind, and accommodation, there was a pretty definite and unanimous decision in favor of Poughkeepsie.

One hardly realizes until he goes into it thoroughly what an extraordinary amount is required of the elements to furnish a good course of four miles for three eight-oared crews. A lake is hardly to be considered, if for no other reason than the fact that it is next to impossible to carry the launches from the sea inland to any lake. Rowing on a lake means in most cases coaching from a float, or from some craft or slow launch belonging to some one on that bit of water. A lake also is more than apt to be irregular as to water. A little of the afternoon breeze coming down from the hills will kick up a chop in a few moments, whereas on salt water, where the tide is a factor in the course, the judges can take advantage of this, and count on having smoother water when wind and tide are moving in the same direction than when there is no tide to flatten the surface of the water out after it has been stirred up by a breeze. Still, again, a lake that is sufficiently large to furnish a good straightaway four miles is apt to be so wide that an ordinary afternoon air will make havoc of any shell-racing that may be planned to take place on its surface. For these and many other reasons lake shell-racing so far as eights are concerned is practically out of the question.

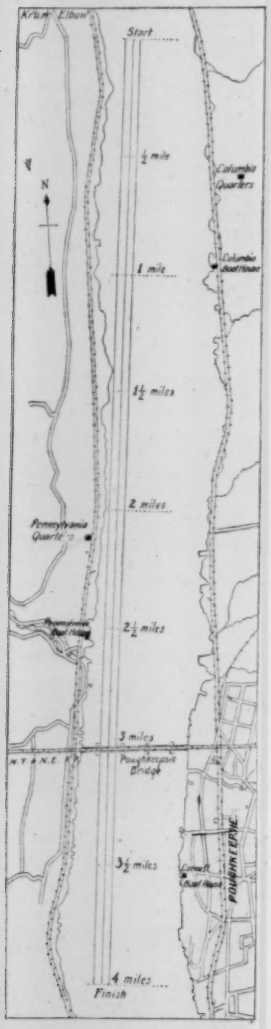
With the necessity for salt water, where a launch can be run in from the sea, and where sufficient length with small width can be procured, comes another difficulty—that of securing a straightaway course. It requires a large river to furnish four miles in a straight



THE CORNELL CREW

VIEW OF THE POUGHKEEPSIE COURSE, LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS THE START.

line with water of sufficient depth and width to permit at least two crews to run down the four miles abreast, without danger of their colliding or bothering each other in the least. At Henley, on the British Thames, the course is irregular, and the boats have to turn several times. But it is confessedly a disadvantage, and is only accepted by the Oxford and Cambridge crews because it is a physical impossibility to find four straightaway miles on any river in Great Britain. As has been said already, and as is well known, the New London course is actually straightaway, but the same course runs from point to point by the river, and, so far as the current is concerned, the course is going from side to side of the river, with the result that if the cockswain does not take the utmost care his shell will drift entirely out of the flag-line, and he will be forced to bring unnecessary pressure on his rudder. This retards the speed of a shell materially, to say nothing of the roundabout course he has followed by the time he has brought the boat back to its course. And yet, bad as this is, it is better than any Saratoga or Delaware or Springfield course that has been tried. The place that has been sought for years is a course on a river about the size of the Thames at New London, with the advantages of accommodation, small tide-water irritation, and so on, which are certainly good at New London, but a course which shall be absolutely straight, and with a tide current running in as straight a line as the course.



MAP OF THE COURSE.

The Hudson is not by any means a new idea for a course, and in past years there have been races in shells there, but the great difficulty has always been with the large amount of water traffic. This has been so great that no crew could go out during the day to practise for a race with any certainty that they would not be capsized by the swell from a passing steamer. And one does not realize what frequent passage of steam craft there is until he goes out in a shell or in the coach's launch and sees how often fifteen minutes are lost in waiting for the waves to roll by. Even this year, with all the care the Poughkeepsie committee have taken to induce pilots to keep to the eastern bank of the river, Pennsylvania was capsized the other day by the wash from an Albany boat. In the races of some years ago all this was emphasized, and the Thames was considered better for that reason. The Thames, however, is absolutely limited to two boats in a race, since three cannot get a straight four miles. The Hudson, on the other hand, would admit ten boats to one race, and cause no difficulty, nor give any advantage to any boat. Perhaps in the matter of water there might be a little on the west courses, it being likely that with westerly winds the high west bank of the river forms a lee which gives smooth water until you reach from one-third to one-half the distance from that shore. A triangular four-mile 'varsity race is therefore an impossibility at New London, and those who plan one such must seek elsewhere for their room and water. The Poughkeepsie course, on the other hand, is what is called the "Long Reach," or the straight open bit of river running from a little more than three miles above the Poughkeepsie Bridge to two miles or more below it; and it is straightaway with a vengeance. Indeed, one of the best points of all about this course is that the cockswains from the start can get a line on the particular pier in the huge railway bridge which crosses the Hudson three miles below, and steer direct for it, without fear of losing sight of it or missing their mark. Then, too, they can see the finish, a mile beyond the bridge, long before they pass under the bridge itself. This little point alone, insignificant as it may seem, is really of great importance, since the cockswain can give so much more attention to the crew and the working of the men. These piers, which rest on the bottom of the river, are four in number, and are five hundred feet apart. This gives sufficient room for the three crews to pass under the bridge between the first and second piers from the west side.

Then comes the question of water. At this point the Hudson runs nearly north and south; and the west bank, while not so steep or high near the water as the Palisades by Yonkers and Tarrytown, is still so high that when the wind is westerly and not too strong, the river is in flat calm near its western bank, and is quite fit for an eight at least a quarter of the way across, or, in other words, quite far enough out to give smooth water for three crews. The prevailing afternoon June winds are of course westerly, running from southwest to northwest, and hence it is usually the case that the Hudson along this "Long Reach" is almost flat for half of its width from six to eight o'clock in the evening. As a matter of fact, during the fortnight that the Columbia crew has been at Poughkeepsie, Mr. Peet, the coach, says that there has scarcely been a night when the race might not have been rowed between six and half past seven. The tides are strong, of course, as they must necessarily be on any such estuary as the Hudson, but it is a question whether they are any more severe than at New London; and, in any case, this has little or no importance so far as the race is concerned, but only plays a strong part in practice rows. The race itself will be scheduled to start down stream an hour before the ebb is entirely out, which, with contingent delays, will bring the actual race at just before the tide is entirely out. Hence there will be little or no tide, and what little there is will be in the boats' favor. The only possible inconvenience from the tide will be in the fact that perhaps it may be a little stronger towards the eastern bank at the start than in close to the western shore. Just above the starting-place, which is opposite a culvert a few yards north of a broken pier running out from the West Shore Road, the Hudson turns to the westward, as you look north, around a point called Krum Elbow, and as a result the ebb-tide flowing down the river must and does come around the slight bend in a manner and with force enough to drive the bulk of it over toward the east side, leaving a corresponding eddy a little below the start on the west side. This might give the boat having the "outside" or easternmost course of the three a little advantage for the first mile, but it could not last long, and probably at just before low water this advantage would be practically *nil*. If there is any such advantage in this easternmost course, it may easily be said to be offset by the fact that this same easternmost course is the one of the three which will be less under the lee of the highlands along the western bank, and therefore the least protected from the prevailing summer afternoon wind.

If we had the space to do it in, a word should be said as to the remarkable beauty of the whole Hudson at this point, and the eminent suitability of such a place for a great college four-mile boat-race. The scenery is something marvellous, and the great attraction of an observation on the West Shore Road, where people may sit and follow the race without once going through a cut or behind a hill from start to finish, keeping also within fifty or sixty yards of the nearest boat all the time, is without a parallel in America. The ease with which people from New York and from the middle of the State can get to Poughkeepsie by either the Central or the West Shore and ride on the special observation train is remarkable as compared with New London, and the road which crosses the Poughkeepsie bridge, on its course from Massachusetts westward, will bring people from Philadelphia and Boston quite as easily as they could otherwise get to New London. The course itself begins, as has already been stated, from a small culvert just above the broken pier. The nearest boat will be, at this point, not over sixty to eighty yards from the west bank. From thence the course runs down stream, passing under the bridge between the first and second piers from the west side, and a mile further down, to a point opposite a small pile of timber on the West Shore Road, about opposite the Vassar Hospital on the Poughkeepsie side.

Now a word as to the crews. The Columbia men are, so to speak, the newest of the three groups. Columbia has not had a 'varsity crew for several years, and as a result there is not a man who has ever rowed on a 'varsity crew or been in a four-mile race in his life. Two of the men have never rowed at all before this season in an eight—MacGregor and Holby—and Longacre never rowed in an eight but once in his life, and that was last fall in the Yale regatta. This crew must necessarily be uncertain, therefore, and it is difficult to tell what Mr. Peet will make out of it. He is an extremely skilful and experienced coach, and the men seem to have confidence in him. They row at the present writing a very clean stroke, getting a great deal of power in their legs. Their fault seems to be that they do not pull the stroke clean through, long and steady, with full swing in their backs, and their watermanship is not as clean-cut as it might be. Several of the men feather high, and the general effect seems to be that they do not put all the strength that is in them into pulling a big stroke long and well through. On the other hand, the boat is full of life, and seems to be ready to go faster if they will let it. The men themselves are admirably chosen for their position, and they have gotten pretty well together on the main points. The final order in the boat will be as follows:

Bow, B. W. Pressprich, 160¾; No. 2, J. H. Prentice (Capt.), 174; No. 3, O. Longacre, Jun., 172; No. 4, W. B. Holby, 184; No. 5, D. MacGregor, Jun., 180; No. 6, G. H. Carter, Jun., 191; No. 7, H. Fish, Jun., 182; stroke, H. E. Pierpont, Jun., 158; cockswain, F. H. Sill, 112.

Whether the Columbia men can keep near the head of the race depends largely on their power to get together and bring in their strength together. Their form, so far as body-work is concerned, is good, and will be better on the 21st, but it is only too often the case that a new crew fails to put real power into the stroke, even when the form is as nearly perfect as it can well be. Columbia is, therefore, somewhat of an unknown quantity.

Pennsylvania has a veteran eight in most of the places. But in past years the Pennsylvania men have not made the showing in rowing that they have in football. In fact, there has not until this year been a strong coaching system. George Woodruff has this year started with a complete and comprehensive plan, and his steady work is showing itself not so much in the form of the men as the rather remarkable power and vigor they put into their stroke. The men seem to have struck lately a movement that pulls the stroke clean through from beginning to end with a long, slow, steady movement which has the look of speed in it, and yet, long and thorough as it is, the shell does not settle either at catch or finish. They are rowing now at about thirty one or two, and will, of course, run up to thirty-six before the race, while Columbia is kept by Mr. Peet at not over thirty-four. Of the two strokes, Pennsylvania's is longer and more complete, and Columbia's is vigorous, more vigorous than Pennsylvania's while it lasts, but shorter from catch to finish, and the catch itself is quicker. Pennsylvania's crew will probably be made up according to the following table, unless there should be some unforeseen change:

Bow, A. C. N. Peterson, 151; No. 2, C. S. Jack, 150; No. 3, J. H. Mindo, 171; No. 4, Wm. Farrar, 172; No. 5, W. G. Woodruff, 185; No. 6, F. B. Hancock, 175; No. 7, H. P. Beck, 164; stroke, A. E. Bull, 167; cockswain, G. H. Perkins, 110.

This gives an average for the Columbia of 168 pounds to Pennsylvania's 161, while the Cornell men average 168 pounds. The Cornell men did not arrive at Poughkeepsie until Saturday, the 15th, owing to the races held at Ithaca last week, and to the fact that Mr. White, who had charge of the coaching in Courtney's absence, was needed at Ithaca for work to be done there. The crew itself is a strong one, and the men have had thorough work laid out for them in the Courtney stroke. The result is that while the body-work does not give as good an impression of form as Columbia's, they have nevertheless acquired a power to send their boat ahead which is as effective as anything either of the other crews can show. At the present writing the chances are a little in favor of Cornell's taking the race, with a very uncertain second for either Columbia or Pennsylvania. Such a new crew as Columbia's is sometimes wins a race by a good deal of open water, and again loses by as much. But this particular crew is so big and heavy that if it only gets moderately well together it is sure to put up a creditable race, and is likely to take second at least. In any case, however, the race is bound to be a keen one, with the chance of a big surprise in Columbia.

The Harvard Athletic Committee, early in the autumn, after a full discussion, decided to place all matters pertaining to the coaching of the 'varsity crew, and, in fact, the coaching of all crews, under the control of one man. Mr. Clifford Watson was selected to fill this difficult position, and immediately jumped into harness, issuing a general call for candidates for the 'varsity and class crews. After the weeding-out process had been gone through with, Mr. Watson, early in January, selected the following men as showing the most promise, and constituted them the first crew: stroke, Stevenson; No. 7, Shepard; No. 6, Perkins; No. 5, Hollister; No. 4, Fennessy; No. 3, Manning; No. 2, Lewis; bow, Bullard.

Coach Watson devoted all his attention to these men, and they, indeed, looked like a promising lot of material. No change was made either in the men or in the order of rowing for about two months, and, in fact, this constituted the order of the 'varsity boat when they left the gymnasium and took to the water on March 15th. Hollister was almost immediately taken down with tonsilitis, which kept him out of the boat for nearly a month. Hollister's sickness did not disturb the order of the boat, as one of the substitutes went in at No. 5, and staid at that position until Hollister was well enough to row. Hollister, on his recovery, went back to No. 5; but Mr. Watson was not satisfied with Stevenson's work at stroke, and the order of the boat was changed. Hollister was put in as stroke; Stevenson was sent to No. 7; Shepard to No. 6; Manning took Hollister's place at No. 5; Watriss, a new man, was placed at No. 4; Damon, another new man, was placed at No. 3; Fennessy, No. 2; and Bullard, bow. The crew rowed in this order for some weeks through the Easter vacation; and just as the men had become accustomed to each other and were getting together, Bullard sprained his arm in lifting the shell out of the water, which, of course, was a serious mishap, and for a short time threw the men out badly. He quickly recovered, and the crew was getting together again, when, on May 1st, Hollister, to the consternation of all, again developed tonsilitis, and immediately afterwards Stevenson and Bullard were taken down with the same disease. Even then the sanitary condition of the river and boat-house was not suspected, until, a few days later, a number of the Freshman crew were taken ill with the same disease. At this point the Athletic Committee, becoming alarmed, and fearing that the disease might spread, stepped in and forbade all rowing on the Charles River until a proper inspection could be made of the boat-house and vicinity. It was immediately discovered, by the sanitary engineer appointed by the Athletic Committee to make the report, that the sickness of the men was due to a defect in one of the city sewers, which emptied close to the boat-house. Of course every means was taken to remedy the evil, but, as might be expected, all rowing was in a thoroughly demoralized condition, and even the well members of the 'varsity crew were very much run down and in a highly nervous condition; therefore Coach Watson sent them all to Bolton, Massachusetts, a quiet little country town in the hills, to recuperate as best they could. No rowing to speak of was done by the 'varsity crew until after the class race was held, on May 18th, when the following men were chosen by Coach Watson: stroke, Bullard; No. 7, Fennessy; No. 6, Watriss; No. 5, Wrightington; No. 4, Stillman; No. 3, Chatman; No. 2, Shepard; bow, Lewis. Wrightington and Chapman were taken from the '97 boat and Stillman from the '96 boat. These men constituted the 'varsity crew up to the time the men left Cambridge for New London.

Bullard at stroke is a fair oar, is very strong, and has had a good deal of experience, and there need be no fear of his tiring; he has his old fault of ragged blade-work, but his rowing is much improved over last year. There is no better man anywhere than Fennessy for No. 7. He is a very fine oarsman; in fact, it may be said that he is the best oar in either of the boats. He is strong, and rows with good judgment, and is plucky to the last degree. Watriss at No. 6 does remarkably well, and takes the stroke well from No. 7. Hollister has just recovered from his sickness, and if he can stand the work will do well at No. 5. Shepard has been moved from No. 2 to No. 4. This does not affect his rowing, while it balances the boat better; his blade-work is not very good, and his time is poor. Chapman has not been moved from No. 3, and has the advantage of having accustomed himself to his position. Stillman was moved from No. 4 to No. 2, which annoys him considerably on account of the narrowness of the boat at that point; his time is also poor. Wrightington was placed at bow from No. 5, and is doing very well for a new man. The first six men are all new men, Nos. 7 and 8 being the only veterans in the boat. The stroke is long, and has plenty of power in it; the crew is rowing at present about 34 strokes to the minute, and will gradually work it up to about 38 strokes; they will not get above that. The men average about 170 pounds. Coach Watson decided not to take any further risk with his men, therefore the crew left Cambridge on Saturday, June 1st, about a week earlier than usual. By doing this the men obtained a complete change of air, and the benefit of absolute privacy from inquisitive eyes.

On May 29th, Hollister, who had been out of the boat on account of sickness, recovered, and was put in again at No. 5; Shepard was moved to No. 4, Chapman to No. 3, Stillman to No. 2, and Wrightington to bow.

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